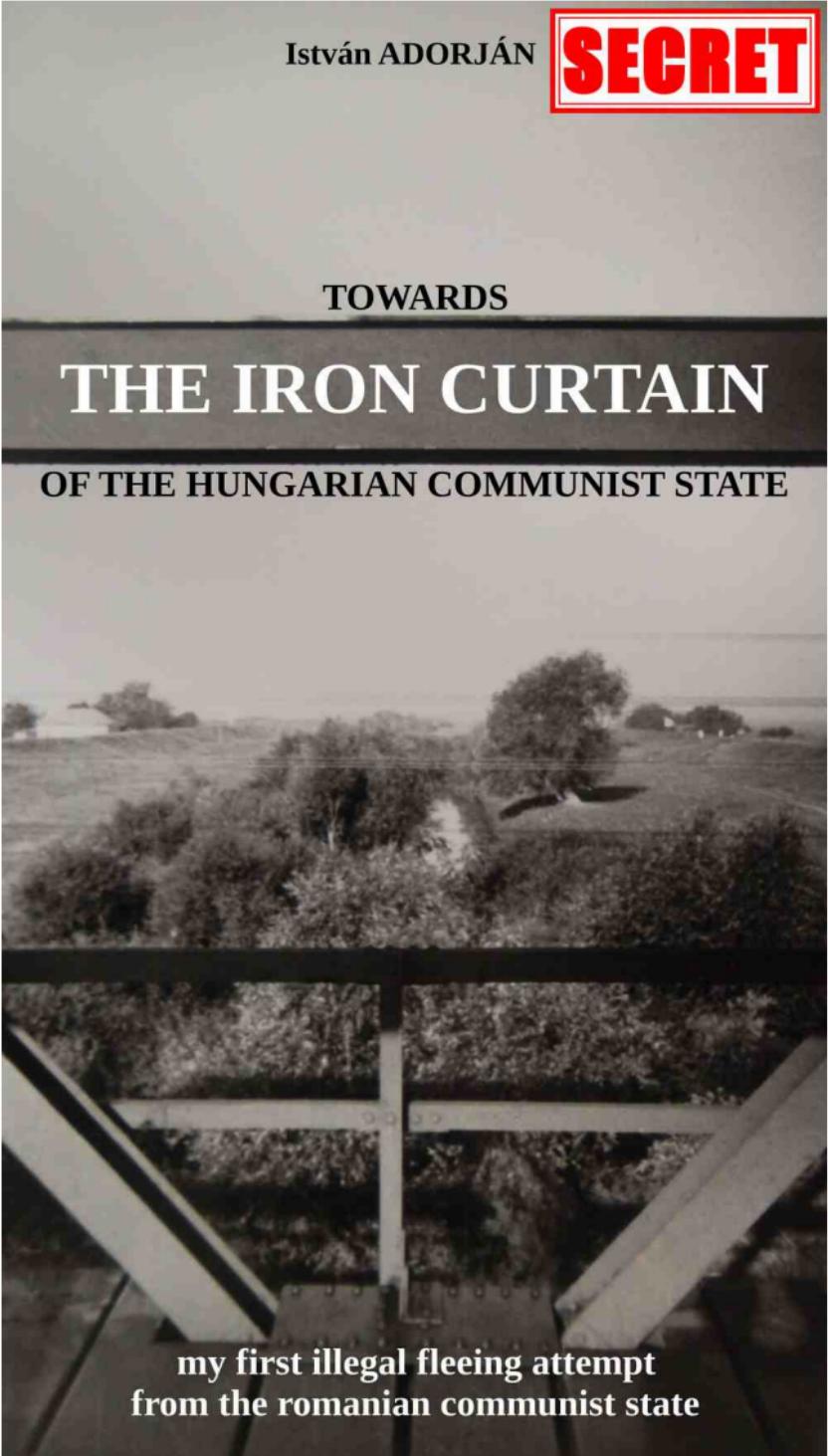


István ADORJÁN

SECRET

TOWARDS

THE IRON CURTAIN OF THE HUNGARIAN COMMUNIST STATE



my first illegal fleeing attempt
from the romanian communist state

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Cover-photo information

On the photo of the front cover, there is visible on the sky-line the place of the first illegal frontier crossing of the author from a point of its path being inwards in a straight line at around 5 kilometers from it, while the photo of the back cover visually reconstructs the scene of his first imprisonment around 12 years later. Their detailed period written reconstructions are contained by the text.

Language information

The language of this book is not quite the english proper. There are many languages on Terra that are potentially universal in that everyone may acquire and use them without a significant change in quality of life. There is a wide civil need for a unique real universal language in order to enable humans to communicate with one another. The Roman Empire was not sufficient for carrying into effect the universality of the latin language. A national state shall not be capable of carrying into effect the universality of its language ever. At present, the english proper is the nearest to the quality of unique real universal language. However, as a natural language it has many deficiencies, and it might not be the best means of universal communication. And as rules in a language are made not by states, but by its users in thinking, speaking and writing, with translating his books into the english language the author makes a few steps towards turning the english proper into the unique real universal language on Terra, as an intermediary phase towards disabling the imperialist national states to become means of persecuting individuals and social groups, and breaking down all artificial frontiers among humans and peoples in the Terra nation and the Terra state.

*In memory of the humans killed
at the frontiers of the communist states*

*With the purpose of rolling up
the national secret political organizations,
their making historical subjects
and objects of party programs*

*The Earth's "hydras"
shall be destroyed
only by the Sun's supernova?*

“Another frontier crossed in secret, another frontier, where many died unforeseeably. That from Yugoslavia was full of blood for years. Obstinate trials were made, continually there were made trials there as well. Individually or collectively, entire streets used to become empty in the villages neighboring the frontier. I do not want to think of how many were captured in their attempts, and mainly how many times it did happen that they were given back. The coercive treatment made many disabled, killed, and the judiciaries were overwhelmed with the convictions. Despite all these, the desire for freedom could not be torn out of their bestially beaten bodies, so that sometimes their nails were torn out.” [1]

*Ioan IANCU,
romanian writer*

István ADORJÁN

**TOWARDS
THE IRON CURTAIN
OF THE
HUNGARIAN COMMUNIST STATE**

**— my first illegal fleeing attempt
from the romanian communist state**

Memoirs novel

István ADORJÁN – 2020

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Foreword

In this book, i reconstruct in detail for the most part with words my first illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state happened between 26 and 27 september 1986, as well as my detention between 27 september and 7 november 1986 at the respective authorities and in the respective institutions of the hungarian and the romanian communist states. Along with my self-sufficient books entitled “Across the Romanian-Yugoslav Frontier of the Forest”, “Across the Barrow of the Romanian-Yugoslav Frontier” and “Through the Soviet Iron Curtain of the Hill Wood”, this book constitutes a tetralogy as its first part.

My four illegal fleeing attempts happened between 1986 and 1989 are mites of a good many ten thousand or a few hundred thousand cases of which starting-point was the romanian communist state. In spite of the fact — as i was basically thinking and acting in the same manner, suffering the same experiences as my companions in distress — by my personal thoughts and experiences i express also the experiences of all those humans, who tried to gain their freedom, as well as the freedom of others, by illegal frontier crossing.

Some of them succeeded in reaching one or other of the countries of liberty. Others were captured by the authorities of the neighboring communist states and deported back. However, the majority became the pray of the romanian national-communist arbitrariness before crossing the romanian-yugoslav frontier. Those whose last experience of life was a rattle of machine pistol, a whizzing of bullets and a sharp pain subsiding in nothing, for victims of the communist dictatorship, died for freedom. Be this book a headstone on their nameless and unknown graves!

According to my best endeavor and within the frameworks of my memory, the content of this book for the most part exteriorizes my consciousness of that time. The political or ideological principles created subsequently, and some comments constitute exceptions. In addition, the thoughts and dialogs are and can only partly be based on remembrance, to a certain extent they are of fictitious character.

Although at the time of the bygone happenings i thought to deal with only the authorities of the communist states, with the respective facts described and thoughts written in my book i assert the concept termed by me “national secret political organization”, so as it occurred to me beginning with the early years of the decade 1990 in conformity with my experiences relative to them. I metaphorically term this secret political entity above state and society “hydra”, following that at the beginning of the decade 1990, in the anti-communist countrywide daily paper of romanian lan-

guage named România liberă¹ there was sometimes termed “hydra” the national-communist power existing and reigning on behind the mask of the National Salvation Front. The “hydra” organizes itself regularly on an ethnic-national basis from the ranks of the most influential members of the state and society, it created the state as the main means of its ethnic-national secret policy, according to its intention it continuously controls and governs the state and society.

My memoirs could not be complete and their authenticity could not be maximum, if they did not contain the personal data which i have remembered. I got these lawfully and outside or against my will under the circumstances of the vanished and historically condemned communist political system, what is more, in a liberty-lost and exposed standing in its repressive institutions. My conviction is that regularly i did not accidentally got into relations with these persons — as i refer to this in the plot or the afterword — but in the frameworks of the implementation of the personal secret policies relative to me of the “hydras”, which does not unconditionally mean that the respective persons acted national secret politically consciously. Consequently, these personal data are not only my memories having certain historical-documentary value, but also parts of the respective personal secret policies of the respective national secret political organizations, and for this reason their publication is tied up with not only the freedom of speech and press, but also with a stressed public interest, even where the national states exclude civil society from the definition and handling of the data of public interest, by this means exposing it to state punishment the publication of personal data in connection with abuses of the political power, being in possession of the civil society. So that, in so far as they did not act secretly in my relation, those persons should bear publicity, with a special regard to that the refutation and attack of my books and person are interests of the national secret political organizations.

I have never been in a state of the english language. Conversed very little with persons originating from there. Have learnt it from manuals, dictionaries, wireless and TV. So the wording of this book may be very personal and peculiar. However, i am confident that it entirely transmits the message of the fleeing humans.

A few hundred years ago many people began to flee the Old World. This phenomenon is still going on. The reason why the message of this book is not only one from the today's Old World. It is also a message from the past, from the ancestors of millions and millions of Americans, Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders to the New World: let us exert our influence that the state cease to be a source of fleeing; let us exert our influence that humans do not have to pay for freedom, but be born with it and the state become its protector, warrantor and expresser; let us exert our in-

¹ Read approximately: romî 'niʌ 'liberə. In the english language: Free Romania.

fluence that humans find liberty, welfare, unlimited developmental and unfolding possibilities in their native lands as well, and do not have to flee for them; let us exert our influence that humans feel at home anywhere in the world, in order that they can grow up to the united nations, and expand their country to the united states on the entire Earth!

1. The illusion of freedom

The location was the universe's Milky Way galaxy's Sun star's planetary system's Earth planet's communist world's this world: the Socialist Republic of Romania. According to our Earth-human time, it was saturday, the 27th day of september in the 1986th year. It was growing towards morning. The accommodation train to Nagyvárad² was spanning along at full speed towards an other world. Being rapt in thought, i was sitting at the window in a compartment, and looking at the points shimmering in the dark: at planets, stars, galaxies, at the universe.

New-world, heaven, garden of Eden, paradise, nirvana, or anyhow you are called, where are you? — raised the question to myself. ... We desire with all our hearts: be here on the Earth! ... We hope from the bottom of our hearts: you are as near to us as near we are to you! ... Extraterrestrial human, who are there in the new-world! ... Deliver us from evil! ... Your world come! ... Earth human, who are there in this world! ... Deliver yourself from evil! ... Create the new-world!³

The first evil was embodied by the romanian "hydra". Its supreme purposes are the extension of its reign and the bringing to perfection of the romanian element in the Dnyeszter⁴-Danube-Tisza⁵ region, the carrying out of a certain sort of ethnically pure romanian empire. Accordingly, its principal activity is to have it provoked the more or less aggressive assimilation or emigration of the different ethnical communities, but primarily of the hungarian one, living on the territory of the romanian national state. This uniform tendency can be made out of the statistical figures of the twentieth century concerning the numerical ratio of the nationalities.

Its this national secret policy took the most obvious shape in the "Ceaușescu⁶ epoch". Using the absurdities of the communist ideology, under the pretext of the rational territorial distribution of the manpower, he

2 Read approximately: 'nogyva:rőd. In the romanian language: Oradea. Big town in a straight line at around 8 kilometers from the romanian-hungarian frontier. [2] I measured these distances roughly between the center of the given locality and the point of the frontier being the nearest to it. For this reason, they are regularly smaller than the distances related to the planned point of my frontier crossing.

3 With this paragraph, i do not "pray" — as it has been interpreted and programed with their personal secret political propaganda relative to my person by the ethical and the national secret political organizations generally, and the hungarian national secret political organization particularly, according to their interest relative to the falsification of my person and deception of humans — but it constitutes an expression of my atheist principle according to which the religion is a creation of the human consciousness and not a reflection of the existence and actions of a supernatural being.

4 Read approximately: 'dnyester. In the romanian language: Nistru. River partly constituting the eastern frontier of Moldavia.

5 Read approximately: 'tiso. In the romanian language: Tisa. River in the eastern part of Hungary and partly constituting the romanian-ukrainian frontier.

6 Read approximately: tʃʌu 'jesku.

had a great number of hungarian humans settled beyond the Carpathians, namely in Moldavia⁷ and Wallachia⁸, and a much greater number of romanian humans settled on the other side of the Carpathians, namely in Transylvania⁹. Having the low level of living reduced on with the aid of its “screw tightening” measures, having more and more privations not only of economic character induced, it had the conditions of legal and illegal fleeing created. Though the majority of the frontierists¹⁰ were ethnically romanian, on the social level the quota of the hungarian and other ethnical communities were continuously decreasing.

My first decision in favor of emigration sprang up in december 1981, when i was a third-year student, because of non-recognizing my faculty achievements. Became conscious of that the law of the “hydra” and its tyranny disguised with the arbitrariness of its authorities very much restricted leaving its communist state.¹¹ Felt a prisoner, in an enormous prison. Made almost no distinction between fleeing and emigration.

According to my information, every frontierist went towards Yugoslavia. Its reaching amounted to emigration. Since, i had been studying the romanian-yugoslav frontier a lot and many times, making plans how could get across it.

In 1984, i heard the first time — on the Free Europe Radio of romanian language — that the yugoslav authorities deported back in large numbers the humans having fled the romanian communist state.¹² Neither in the following period, learned of the case of such a frontierist, who had made his

7 In the romanian language: Moldova. It is roughly the region of the romanian national state east of the crest of the Carpathian Mountains.

8 In the romanian language: Tara Românească. Roughly, the region of the romanian national state south of the crest of the Carpathian Mountains.

9 In the romanian language: Transilvania. In the broadest sense of the word, it is roughly the region of the romanian national state west and north of the crest of the Carpathian Mountains. In the background it has been disputed by the hungarian and the romanian “hydras”.

10 It is a literal adaptation of the word of the romanian prisoner slang “frontierist”. [Read approximately: frontie 'rist.] In the penal institutions of the romanian communist state, but mainly in its prisons, the criminals having committed crimes involving moral turpitude so called the persons gotten there for illegal frontier crossing or the attempt of it. Extending the extension of this notion to those who had served the punishment, as well as to also those who had illegally gotten to the Occident, by “frontierist” i mean a person directly or indirectly dissatisfied with the totalitarian regime of his or her state who, in order to get rid of that and to settle down in a democratic country, illegally crossed or tried to cross the frontier illegally, by so doing having risked his or her freedom, corporal integrity and life.

11 The narrow stratum of those having legally fled could be classed in two groups in their great majority. Some obtained tourist visa for an occidental country, then they asked for political asylum there. Others applied for permanent emigration visa in the romanian communist state. This latter one could be petitioned only by right of family re-unification. Those having that possibility had to regularly wait for the answer for years — that could be negative as well — while they were put to different expenses of time and money, to the danger of losing their place of work, and not at last to different pressures of the authorities in order to give up their emigration intention. I heard of a case of which “solving” had already been delayed for more than ten years.

12 Notwithstanding that none of the romanian-yugoslav frontier treaties prevailing at that time referred to the frontierists.

or her trial across the territory of the hungarian communist state.

After all, because of the new national secret policy of Yugoslavia applied to the frontierists from Romania, and of the notorious guardedness of the romanian-yugoslav frontier, i made up my mind that on my way to Austria would try to traverse the hungarian communist state. In this decision, also other reasons took part in a smaller degree: the hungarian was my mother tongue; knew the Hungarian People's Republic better; could reach Austria more rapidly; the lei were rather easily and advantageously convertible to forints.

The second evil was embodied by the hungarian "hydra". It is founded upon hungarian ultra-nationalism and unrestricted ambition of reign. Its supreme object is attaining a hungarian empire. Its main instruments are the hungarian national state, the christian religion, the individual, group and social manipulation. On the basis of the paragraph embodied under pretext of the proletarian internationalism in the frontier treaty concluded with the romanian communist state, it had it returned towards the east the frontierists having been captured by it.

My dwelling locality, Marosvásárhely¹³, lay in the heart of the romanian communist state. I had planned to approach its frontier by train, the cheap-est and fastest public carrier. According to my conviction, the "hydra" had its stations controlled by squealers having the disposal of my description. For this reason, i had to get on the train in the village being at around 10 kilometers, Sáromberke¹⁴. In a week-end, had reconnoitered the best way running there to be done marching in woods and on fields.

Drawing near to the frontier, it was good to tread the right-trampling laws of the "hydra". So defying its will, making nothing of its authority, the first time after years i felt free again. But the cost of this pleasant state of mind was tough: had to risk not only my legal freedom¹⁵, but also my physical integrity, even my life.¹⁶ Being conscious of that, a mild excitement was ruling my general condition.

In time, i had gotten nearer the free world more than ever. The hope of its reaching filled me with an uplifting feeling. Besides this, there was no place for fear of any sort. Only the thought of success made me the shivers at times.

According to my plan, because of their relative nearness to the frontier,

13 Read approximately: 'moroʃva:ʃa:rhey. In the romanian language of the epoch, and respectively of today: Tîrgu Mureş, Târgu Mureş. Big town in a straight line at around 200 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

14 Read approximately: 'ʃa:romberke. In the romanian language: Dumbrăvioara.

15 The penal code punished the "fraudulent crossing of the state frontier" with imprisonment from 6 months to 3 years, and the attempt of it from 3 months to 1 year and a half.

16 The law obligated the frontier guards to use arms if the persons summoned and cautioned by a shot in the air did not stop. Although it ordained that the firing had to be leveled "possibly at the feet", but it did not preclude the possibility of a deadly shot, by so doing setting the inviolability of the frontier of the romanian communist state, over the human life. [3, 4]

i must not have touched the stations being on the railroad line number 402, which connected Nagyvárad with Szatmárnémeti¹⁷ on the whole parallel with the romanian-hungarian frontier. Namely, judged that the frontier guards or militiamen could have controlled them. In consequence of that, had to get off on the last but one station of the line number 413, running between Sarmaság¹⁸ and Székelyhíd¹⁹. Afterwards, marching roughly parallel with the 402, had to reach the river Berettyó²⁰.

What is the true point of getting off already before Székelyhíd? — raised the question to myself. ... Is it not a surplus safety measure? ... Getting off on the 402 is risky though, but the lengthy march near the frontier is not less risky either ... I will approach the Berettyó by train! ... At the same time, must diminish the probability of coming upon frontier guards ... Will enter a toilet! ... In the first carriage, in order that on getting off be as far as possible from the station-building in my direction of march ... And so can avoid the conductor as well; namely my ticket shall lapse in Székelyhíd.

In the first station, i drew forth the sheet to which had made an abstract of data from the railroad guide, and counted up how many way-stations i was from Székelyhíd, as well as from Biharfélégyháza²¹, to my knowledge the village along the railroad the nearest to the Berettyó.

Got up, took the satchel, slung it over the shoulder and went out to the lateral passage. It was empty. Started ahead.

In the summer of 1980, i chanced to get valuable pieces of information on the guarding system of the romanian-yugoslav frontier. On the completion of my examinations and of their entrance examinations, together with my sister and two of her former classmates, went from Temesvár²² to Oravicabánya²³ for yugoslav products. As the locality lay near the frontier, and the way there also passed by it, we could relatively safely reach the weekly market only in the company of a relative from Zsidovin²⁴ of a fellow-passenger. Namely the inhabitants there could travel relatively safely

17 Read approximately: 'sótma:rne:meti. In the romanian language: Satu Mare. Big town in a straight line at around 8 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

18 Read approximately: 'jormo:já:g. In the romanian language: Şärmäşag. Village in a straight line at around 50 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

19 Read approximately: 'se:keyhi:d. In the romanian language: Săcueni. Village in a straight line at around 6 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

20 Read approximately: 'berettyó:. In the romanian language: Barcău.

21 Read approximately: 'bihørfe:legyha:zó. In the romanian language: Roșiori Bihor. Village in a straight line at around 6 kilometers from the frontier [7] and by rail at around 307 kilometers from Marosvásárhely. [8]

22 Read approximately: 'temeđvar. In the romanian language: Timișoara. Big town in a straight line at around 30 kilometers from the romanian-yugoslav frontier. [2]

23 Read approximately: 'orovitsbá:nyó. In the romanian language: Oravița. Small town in a straight line at around 17 kilometers from the romanian-yugoslav frontier. [2]

24 Read approximately: 'zidovin. In the romanian language: Berzovia. Village in a straight line at around 25 kilometers from the romanian-yugoslav frontier. [2]

in the vicinity of the frontier. Two frontier guards got on the Oravicabányászidovin train, and identified the travelers.²⁵ We avoided a more thorough control, and in all probability the arresting as well, merely through his instrumentality that “we were with him”.

At the front of the first carriage, i stepped into the toilet. Latched the door.

I hope — was i thinking — that the frontier guards will not try to come in here!

The train departed from the station of Székelyhíd. I let down the little window of the toilet. The instreaming air struck my face. Pulled the hood of the jacket on my head, and looked outwards into the dark, listening to the regular clicking of the wheels.

I am already in the frontier zone²⁶ — thought i. ... If its authorities do not capture me up to that time, the getting off the train shall be the decisive moment ... Have to leave the station as soon as possible, marching beside the railroad towards the Berettyó ... Take the takeable precautionary measures! ... No longer need the ticket and the papers holding data relative to the territory of the romanian communist state ... As for the case of my capturing, its authorities would rather not find them by me.

I tore it to small pieces the sheet of paper and the map representing the frontier zone. Together with the ticket, threw them out through the window.

The “hydra” shall not have these found any longer! — thought. ... At the least, it shall find out fewer with that much, if i am caught!

As though i had shaken off a needless load from myself, felt relief. Every now and then, the thrills of excitement with mixed feelings brought about by the unknownness, inexperience, threatenedness, the impression of

25 The law had obligated the frontier guards to “take measures to the depth of 30-40 kilometers from the frontier line inwards with the purpose of reconnoitering, identifying and arresting the persons” [2] intending to cross the frontier illegally.

26 Pursuant to the law — that i did not know at the time of the bygone happenings — the frontier zone was formed by the totality of the territories of the communities of which frontiers partly coincided with the frontier of the state. The law also defined the stripe of the frontier guards, which was constituted by a stripe spreading from the frontier line inwards as far as the depth of 20 meters, and in which the frontier guards had the right to move, to set up outposts, and to fix up devices of frontier defense. “The employees of the socialist organizations or the members of the co-operative farms” could only enter the stripe of the frontier guards in order to perform certain works and only with the authorization of the commanding officer of the competent frontier-guard outfit. The persons arriving at the localities of the frontier zone were obliged to present themselves at the militia within 24 hours to report the planned period of their stay. In the day-time only those persons were allowed to stay in the vacant parts of the frontier zone who took part in works, and were able to certify that their domicile was in the frontier zone being near the place of the works, or that they were registered at the organs of the militia, or that they were employees of an enterprise in the frontier zone. The grazing ground of the animals could range in the day-time as far as the stripe of the frontier guards, and at night from it at least to the depth of 500 meters. [3]

freedom, the prospect and outlook of success imbued my body. But did not lose my calm.

The train was about to halt for the third time.

It must be Biharfélegyháza — thought.

The day was braking. I folded up the window. Went out to the passage. The station-building was on the left side. The train halted. Through the right-side door, two persons got on. They wore dark blue union suits, on their heads they had black berets.

“Is it Biharfélegyháza?” asked i.

“Yes.”

2. Shall i be caught in Biharfélegyháza?²⁷

Taking into account the possibility of controlling the station, i got down on the right side.²⁸ The flat ground dimly unfolding itself in front of me was bare.

I must look for a screening from the frontier — thought.

Next to the engine, went ahead. Stepped over the rails. At around 30 meters, there lay concrete pipes of large diameter.

Being dawn — was thinking — i will not continue my way! ... The certitude of daylight is better than the incertitude of darkness.

Without looking to the left, made my way towards the concrete pipes.²⁹

Bending, i slipped in one. Its bottom was covered by a layer of sand. Put down the satchel, and sat on it.

Has anyone taken notice of me? — raised i the question to myself. ... If a person of the authorities, he will definitely come after me; if a civilian, maybe he will squeal me.

The train started out of the station.³⁰ I put my arms on the knees, pillowied the head on them, and immovably, with a slight excitement was

27 The area of Biharfélegyháza was part of the frontier zone. [3, 9]

28 From Marosvásárhely, i had by rail made 366 kilometers, with 6 accommodation-trains, with the getting-down and/or getting-on touching of the following stations: Sáromberke (Dumbrăvioara), Dédabisztra (Deda Bistra), Szterefalva (Sărătel), Dés (Dej Călători), Zilah (Zalău), Sarmaság (Şarmăşag), Biharfélegyháza (Roşiori Bihor). [8]

29 In 1966, somewhere in the probably western frontier zone of the romanian communist state, “the good observation ability and memory power of a frontier guard helped him identify in the mass of people arriving at and departing from the station four characters being at crosscorners with the laws of the country.” [10]

30 According to the schedule, the accommodation-train P 4062 had to depart from the station of Biharfélegyháza at 6 hours and 23 minutes. [8] During the reconstruction of the happenings, the Railroad Guide 1986/1987 was not at my disposal. Although the above moment probably deviates with a few minutes from the one being valid at that time, from the point of view of the reconstruction of the events the margin is not essential.

waiting for my situation to become clear.

It became broad daylight.

Its authorities shall not come for me any longer — thought. ... I must change the pants in order not to produce a sensation.

Took off the light gray fabric pants. Put on the camouflaging ones. They were made of the cloth varicolored in autumn colors of a sack used for packing seeds imported from the Soviet Union. Pulled back the sport shoes.

I slipped out of the concrete pipe. Looked round. On the left of my planned direction of march there was situated the village. On the right side, a freight train had been drawn in on the shunt-line. It was on the point of departing in the direction of Nagyvárad. Behind my back there lay the station-building. Did not see a human.

I should remove myself from the village — thought. ... Here is the greatest the probability of squealing.³¹

Set off parallel with the railroad. Having drawn ahead of the freight train, looked to the right. A flat agricultural land was within sight, without screening possibilities.

If someone caught sight of me going towards the frontier — was thinking — he or she would probably read off my intention ... I shall be less suspectable, if proceed on my way along the railroad, on the perimeter of the village ... Must shun, but in such a manner, that no one see it.

I marched onwards on the left side of the railroad, on a lane. Had to pass in front of houses. From the courtyards, no humans appeared; the dogs kept silent.

Is there anything — was raising the question to myself — that indicates the nearness of the frontier?

I began searching the terrain on the right side. My eyes fastened on an interesting tree. It stood in a far corner of the field. On its long bole, its top looked box resembling.

Would it be a watch-tower? — raised the question to myself.

Knew nothing about the watch-tower of frontier-guards. Only presumed its existence. Hoped that there was no one. Or at the least that i would have no trouble with it.

It is a curious tree — was i establishing — and not a watch-tower.

From the left, there broke through greenhouse frameworks long stretching at a right angle to the railroad. Below them, there showed tomatoes tied to sticks. In some places, small fruits looked red on them.

31 In 1969, in a watch-house of frontier-guards of the romanian communist state, “the commanding officer said: ‘Right now, I got an information.’” And the journalist “followed with attention how on the map he was spinning a spider’s web, in which the person trying to cross the frontier had to be caught.” [11]

They shall serve for a food surplus — thought.

I was passing by an agricultural field. It was planted with paprika. On them in some places, small withered fruits had been left out of the economic cycle.

There followed a wide meadow. On the left side in the distance, the outside houses of the village lay.³² In the middle, geese grazed. An old woman was plodding towards them parallel with me.

I do not deem — was thinking — that there shall arise suspicion in her, because i am not advancing towards the frontier ... It may be that she shall not observe me either.

Marched on invariably. Looking ahead, no sign indicated that was drawing near to the Berettyó. The green color of the grass dominated the terrain. The railroad-embankment ascended gradually.

At the time of choosing the planned spot of my frontier crossing, i had taken into consideration a number of requirements. The first one was to leave no tracks on the presumed plowed stripe of frontier. By so doing, had to avoid detecting the deed by the aid of my tracks.³³ From this point of view, did not exclude the cooperation between the frontier guards of the romanian and the hungarian communist states. At the same time, in case of my capturing, could have kept back the spot of the crossing. So could again use the acquired terrain knowledge on the occasion of a my possible subsequent illegal fleeing attempt.

Had judged that the trackless crossing was possible on a railroad, on the bank of a river intersecting the frontier, or in the river itself. This became one with another, none the less important requirement, the lack of fence.

Had ruled the first possibility out in advance, because had considered it probable that the railroad was guarded. In this manner, nothing had been left, but the river variant. Had taken into consideration the following ones: the Maros, the three Körös's, the Berettyó, the Kraszna, the Szamos and the Túr.³⁴

According to the second requirement, the river had to perpendicularly approach and intersect the frontier. Namely, had attached the most impor-

32 Probably, not Biharfélegyháza, but Mihai Bravu. [Read approximately: mi 'hʌy 'brʌvu.] It was also in the frontier zone, in a straight line at around 4 kilometers from the frontier. [8, 9]

33 In 1987, somewhere in the vicinity of the frontier of the romanian communist state, “the soldiers detected some footprints on the bank of the river, which indicated that three unknown persons had unlawfully crossed there. They started the pursuit.” [12] Some frontierists gotten illegally to the Occident, who could not legally come to the romanian communist state yet, because of forfeiting their legal status there, as well as of the threat of being imprisoned here, at odd times returned illegally in order to visit their relatives. At times, they started back together with their girlfriends, wives, moreover children. Some of them were caught. In the prison in Temesvár I met such a frontierist. As he said, his neighbor had denounced him to the militia.

34 Read approximately: 'moroʃ, 'kə:rəʃ, 'krɔsnɔ, 'sɔmof, 'tur. In the romanian language: Mureş, Criş, Crasna, Someş, Tur.

tance to leaving behind as quick as possible the sphere of action of the frontier guards of the romanian and the hungarian communist states. At the same time, my advance had not to be slowed down by affluents. This condition had been suited by the Berettyó, the Kraszna and the Szamos.

The following requirement had demanded that there be no localities near the intersection of the river and the frontier, neither in the romanian, nor in the hungarian communist states. Namely, had presumed that the inhabitants of the frontier zone were enmeshed into the state-frontier guarding in some form or other, and that the neighborhoods of localities — especially in case of the bigger ones — were more guarded. In this manner, there had remained the variant unique, but suiting all the requirements: the Berettyó.

The railroad-embankment had already completely screened the terrain from the frontier. The sun was shining. On the sky-line, a dike emerged. It stretched to the left long, into the invisible. Also the railings of a railroad-bridge were visible.

Do dikes edge the Berettyó?! — raised the question to myself.

Being animated by the excitement of the change to be expected, forced the pace.

From the opposite direction, an accommodation-train appeared. I instinctively, stooped close to the sloe-shrubbery being beside me.

It proved to be a fast train. Removing itself, i stood up, and in a haste drew near to the dike around 3 meters high. It was overgrown with grass.

From the right, a motorcycle viewed on it. The driver wore civilian clothes, on his head he did not have a cap. He looked at me, but seemingly unsuspectingly turned the head back in his direction of motion.

It seems — was thinking — that i have not produced a sensation ... After all, have not made for the frontier.

Clambered on the slope of the dike.³⁵

35 I took the annexed photos on 7 august 2019 after 7 hours and 15 minutes in the morning.



There came up its pair. Took a number of steps towards it. Below, in some places, a relatively narrow stripe of water was visible. Its bank lines were jaggedly followed by shrubs and higher vegetation.

The Berettyó! — thought. ... I have never seen it before though, am sure that have achieved my intervening purpose, as to my knowledge there is no river of a similar width on the tract ... See, how it looks from the bridge!

The top of the dike was formed by a horizontal stripe around 3 meters wide. I turned to the right.



A metal barrier got into my way. Rounded it.



Cautiously went on the bridge.

In its middle, came to a halt, and swung in the direction of the frontier. The sight disclosing itself in front of me gave me a thrill: the Berettyó disappeared straight as an arrow in its flight between the dikes converging in the sky-line.³⁶

36 With the photo of the front cover, i visually reconstruct this moment of my fleeing attempt on 24 september 1998 at 9 hours or thereabouts in the morning on the railroad bridge of the Berettyó. The willows were still shrubs at that time. It can be presumed that they are around 8 years old,

3. When shall i cross the frontier?

On which bank shall i proceed on my way? — raised the question to myself.

The river was flanked by willow-shrubbries. That on the left side was wider.

The left bank provides a better screening — was thinking — at least in a short distance.

Went across the bridge.



and till 1989 they had been cut down with the purpose of frontier guarding.



On the right side, under the exterior side of the dike, a house was situated. Did not pay great attention to it. Turning to the right, let myself down to

the bank.

Came to a halt, and surveyed my new surroundings. Of the house, only the chimney was visible. The upper lines of the dikes constituted the skyline.

As though this ground was created just for illegal frontier crossing by the human! — thought. ... I would not have believed to find a so much favorable terrain on the spot.

As regards choosing the place of my illegal fleeing attempt, i felt fulfillment.

It is possible and perilous — was thinking — that someone emerge on the dike ... I should cut off a branch: so there would be a chance for me to look like a fisher, if necessary.³⁷

I drew forth the clasp-knife. Cut off a branch of the length of a fishing rod. Plucked off its leaves and branches.

Put the satchel on the left shoulder, took the branch in the right hand, and set off. Looked at my watch: it was 8 or thereabouts.

I am around 5 kilometers from the frontier — thought. ... Hope that at 12 hours shall already be in the hungarian communist state.

Had the impression that owing to my well contrived plan and the favorable terrain everything would go by itself. The bank stripe was around 10 meters wide. From the upper line of the dike inwards a coat of green covered its soil. The thick and continuous willow shrubbery entirely screened the Berettyó. At times, it broke and above the lower vegetation there appeared the water around 5 meters wide. From its invisible and inaudible flowing and gray color, one could see that it was rather deep. As far as its surface, the bank leniently declined.

³⁷ Pursuant to the law, fishing in the rivers along the frontier was allowed only in possession of a special license made out by the frontier guards. [3]



Sometimes, went by gulchy portions. The sky-line remained almost unchanged.

I had not made haste. Had been unperturbed. So much, that it attracted my attention. At times, a feeling of recklessness descended upon me.

When i drew up my plan — was establishing, amazingly — sitting at the writing-table in my room, feared — now, do not! ... Probably, there is a kind of subconscious concentration of moral strength behind this phenomenon ... Because, indeed, now have need of calm better than ever.

I was already waiting for something to give evidence of the approach of the frontier. Searched more attentively the farther terrain in front of me. But only the dikes and the willow shrubberies were visible.

Did not perceive a human. However, from time to time, there rose to view his or her tracks: slips of paper, cast-off things, small wood-coal batches indicated that the bank of the Berettyó was not unfamiliar for the inhabitants of the tract.

It is saturday — thought. ... It would not be good to find myself face to face with week-enders or fishers ... Although my conviction is that the greater part of them would be understanding, moreover sympathetic, my safety requires to steer clear of them ... How the "hydra" succeeded in dividing the society by manipulating the members of the communist nomenclature!

From the sky-line, there broke through a dark point. I halted short. Swinging to the right, went behind the nearest shrub. From among the branches, intently looked at the new phenomenon. It appeared to be of

dark green color. For all that, it well separated from the willow shrubbery.

It is a fact — was thinking — that it is an object of human make.

Focused an increased attention on it. Discerned several lines converging from below upwards in the point.

It stands on legs — was establishing — high up in the air ... Taking into consideration the distance made, it must be beside the frontier ... There is no reason for deluding myself with vain hopes: i am facing a watch-tower!

I trembled.³⁸

4. How on?

It shall be more difficult — was thinking — than i have expected ... They have set it just beside the Berettyó ... And how high it is! ... Up to the present, i was perceptible only in an unfavorable moment; from now on the frontier guards of the "hydra", can observe me at any time! ... But the shrubbery seems to screen me henceforward ... It is impossible for me to establish where it exactly stands ... For the time being, will go farther on the left bank!

I took off the dark blue jacket. Put it into the satchel. The camouflaging apparel entered its main function. In addition to the pants, the duty of making me in colors one with nature fell to the share of the khaki shirt, the pull-over of darkerly similar color, and the light-green and brick-red peaked cap. The red satchel and the blue-and-white sports shoes did not fit into the surroundings though, but there was practically no need of camouflaging the footwear, and the bag was screened by my body.

Started on with an increased attention and circumspection. Did not leave my safety to the camouflaging clothing, but took care that the shrubbery permanently screened me. Occasionally, had to go stooped. Again and again, came to a halt and searched the sky-line.

It became evident that the watch-tower stood on the right bank, outside the dike.

It is a favorable circumstance — was thinking — that i have chosen the left bank ... Otherwise, now should turn back.

Getting to a higher shrub, i took an upright position. The watch-tower viewing, stooped in order to remain invisible for it. But the following

³⁸ In 1951, somewhere on the frontier of the Romanian People's Republic, a frontier guard was on duty in a watch-tower. From "the field-glass, the bushes, which he glimpsed with the unaided eye for two points, were in front of him coming near to reach them with his hand." [13]

shrub did not screen me any more. Drew back.

Shall i return? — raised the question to myself. ... On the opposite bank, the dike would screen me in some measure, and could proceed stooped ... But am terrified even at the idea of being at the same side with the watch-tower! ... Namely, if a frontier guard observed me, as long as he would cross the Berettyó, i could get a good start in my escape going across the left dike; but on the right bank, he would certainly capture me ... For this reason, that does not seem to be more advantageous ... Will try the creeping!

Put aside the willow branch. Placing its strap round the neck, put the satchel on the back. Lay down on the belly, and began creeping. During my military service between 1978 and 1979, had chanced to acquire the knowledge of the hows of it, and also to not once apply it. The watch-tower did not view.

The shrubbery became more and more jagged. Rarer and rarer i could make it stooped the bare riverside portions. At times, had to creep also on portions around 30 meters long. The proportion of the distance so made grew bigger and bigger, my speed less and less, while the watch-tower showed on higher and higher.

Next to a shrub, lay down and started creeping. The watch-tower became visible.

Creeping is over — thought.

Retreated. In the screening of the shrub, stood up, and took under close examination the terrain. Had approached the watch-tower at around 300 meters. It could be 10 meters high. Stood on four slightly inclined legs. The dark green of its box was diagonally crossed by a blue-and-yellow-and-red band. On its opposite side, a ladder was visible. A frontier guard sat on it, almost with his back to me.

Would my way be open? — raised the question to myself, enthusing mildly. ... With a turning of his head, he could easily observe me ... I will not risk proceeding without screening!

Above the left dike farther, a row of poplars was perceptible. At around 200 meters, a lane fell from it into the Berettyó, then went up on the right dike.

A wading place — thought.

Nearer, a low rail-resembling cream-colored object as if obstructed my way.

It cannot be the frontier — was thinking — as it is before the watch-tower.

On my right side, the terrain was gulchy. Its part near the bank line was overgrown with brushwood.

I can proceed only in the vegetation — thought.

Crouched down, and so pacing drew near to the coppice. Its height was around 1 meter. The dike proved to completely screen the watch-tower.

I penetrated among the mostly withered plants. Was concerned for the noise brought about by touching them. Often, made a halt, and followed with attention whether someone was coming near.

Had to fight for every step. From time to time, runners of brambles crossed my way. Cut them with the clasp-knife.

On the left side, the bare soil of the gulchy bank was perceptible. In some places, lesser or greater shrubs came out as well, to some extent raising my feeling of safety.

Beheld tall thick piles. They were set in order in the water, from a bank to the other. Were old. Boards irregularly joined them.

They must be the remains of a foot-bridge — thought. ... Here, the traffic has developed backwards ... It appears from this as well, that i am near the frontier.

I was around 3 meters from the row of piles, when pricked up my ears to voices. They were coming from the left.

Probably, they are drawing nearer to the bridge remains from the lane — thought. ... I have no time to noiselessly remove myself ... Have to hide myself!

On the left, there stood a large shrub close to the steep side. Remaining crouched, with a number of cautious steps withdrew under it.

I have to cover the shoes and the satchel! — thought.

With the face in my direction of march, fell on the knees, sat down on the heels, lifted backwards the strap showing red, and let down the satchel behind my soles. Kept the hands on it. Was waiting immovably, holding my breadth. From under the peak of the cap, kept lifting my eyes.

The voices were growing louder. Among the branches, there made his appearance a person of middle age. He wore a dark blue union suit, on his head he had a black beret. Put his foot on a pile, leant, and on hands and feet started towards the other side. He fixedly looked at the places of his following steps.

He is acting — was thinking — as if i did not exist ... Am under the impression that my camouflaging clothing makes me really unperceivable.

Another person came after him. He wore a dark blue union suit, on his head he had a black beret. In the meanwhile, they carried on their conversation, in the hungarian language. Doing gymnastics, they went across the bridge remains. Vanished from sight behind the right dike. I breathed freely again.

They may go somewhere to work — thought. ... What would have

happened, if they had caught sight of me here beside the watch-tower? ... I do not believe that in this atmosphere of fear even one of them would have risked the non-squealing.

I proceeded on my way. Passed under the boards. Went on, struggling with the brushwood.

The thicket had suddenly become sparse, the Berettyó had grown a little wider. After a narrow longitudinal grass stripe, a thick shrubbery cut off my way.

Can i proceed on the upper bank? — raised the question to myself.

Climbed up next to the shrubbery. The following one was visible at around 100 meters. Crouched down, and began watching the terrain.

The wading place was at around 50 meters. The bank was sparsely overgrown with spots of grass. Over the lane, the row of poplars had gotten nearer. On the right side, the wider bed and a little spring-board indicated a bathing-place. The watch-tower was screened by the shrubbery. Standing close to the branches, went more forward, till it broke through. It stood slightly on the right, at around 20 meters from the dike. The frontier guard stayed in the box.

I cannot march on — thought.

5. What shall i do?

Let myself down back to the lower bank. Seated myself on the grass. Dispersed in the brushwood, several shrubs stood round me. From the other side, they screened me only partly. But from the left bank and dike, i was not visible. And over against the watch-tower, the shrubbery screened me.

It depressed me that i was not able to proceed on my way. Up to this time, marching normally or stooped, creeping or crawling, but could draw near to the frontier. Now, all at once, every advancement possibility appeared to have ceased. Was predisposed to comprehend the established situation to be permanent. Looked at the surface of the water.

Shall i try to proceed in the Berettyó? — raised the question to myself. ... Would take off the shoes and the pants ... Or even the pull-over and the shirt ... These would not all go into the satchel ... In one hand with the bag, in the other with the articles of clothing remained outside, would let myself down into the water ... From here, it looks as if it stagnated: it is very probable that its bottom is covered by mud ... The sinking into it would make my advancement more difficult, moreover there would be a possibility of sticking in as well ... My probably lifted hands would grow

tired quickly, and from time to time should get out to the bank to rest ... The advancement would be accompanied by some purl ... Since the wading place is shallow, there should crawl crouched or on the hands and knees ... Would make a greater noise ... And how would keep the dryness of my clothes? ... No! This is not a feasible way! ... Shall pass through the right bank? ... On the lane, would probably not even creeping be able to keep out of my way the visual field of the watch-tower ... Shall return? ... Would go back to the railroad ... Marching along it, would hit the river north of the Berettyó, and would turn towards the frontier on its bank ... It might be that i would have nothing to do with a watch-tower there, like here ... But if there is one here, what reason have to presume that there is not one there? ... That is a similar river, probably diked, and for watching the terrain between the dikes, a watch-tower was erected as well ... And how would make my way back? ... The marching backwards is much riskier, considering that it is very difficult for me to control my visibility from the watch-tower ... How much time spent, energy consumed, risk took to penetrate as far as here! ... Am not far from the frontier ... Why would give up this position already fought out?! ... No! Will not go back! ... If nothing else, then will make a trial in the night! ... Shall climb over the dike, and in its screening shall in all probability succeed in crossing the frontier.

A sensation of hunger sprang. Drew forth the tinned fish. Opened it with the clasp-knife. Began eating.

I have not eaten today yet — thought. ... If had not been constrained to halt, it would not have occurred to me that should nourish myself as well.

For a food-supply, i had taken to myself only two tins of tinned fishes. Consumed one the day before late in afternoon in the grassy ditch of the station of Szeretfalva³⁹. Considered carrying more eatables to be superfluous. Could spend the planned around three days of my illegal fleeing attempt even without food.

Theoretically, i could attempt to cross the frontier under the existing circumstances as well — thought. ... Starting from the presumption that there is a frontier guard only in the watch-tower, the clue of the day-time frontier crossing lies concealed in climbing over the left dike unobserved ... If this happened, under the screening of the dike could safely approach and cross the frontier ... But this variant would imply leaving tracks ... Unless a shrubbery just neighboring the frontier would make it possible crossing on the bank ... At the same time, must take into consideration a possible fence as well ... During its climbing, the frontier guard could observe me ... Further, the terrain behind the dike is almost completely invisible from here ... Even if avoided his attention, there would be a possibil-

³⁹ Read approximately: 'seretfolvo. In the romanian language: Sărătel. Village in a straight line at around 155 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

ity that civilians would catch sight of me ... Presuming they did not call it to his notice, it would on their part be enough a voice or a movement that in his eye would indicate my presence ... If he observed me, i would get into unneeded and damaging complications: after summoning me, i would set off running towards the frontier; then he would open fire on me; if missed me, the reports of gun would definitely mobilize the frontier guards of the hungarian communist state, and even if succeeded in crossing the frontier, i would be captured on its other side ... Have had enough of ponderings of such sort! ... Only to think of this variant is bad ... It is a fact that i am all right as i am.

Kept climbing out close to the shrubbery, and watched the watchtower. Nothing essential had changed: the frontier guard was sometimes in the box, sometimes on the ladder.

Why am i here?! — raised the question to myself. ... Why have to be here in the wild nature, exposing my physical integrity and life to peril?! ... Who have compelled me here?! ... In space and mode, can include those responsible in two groups each: domestic and foreign, direct and indirect ... Domestic direct: those squealers of hungarian ethnicity in Buzáháza⁴⁰, on the basis of whose reportings after the second world war, the Securitate⁴¹ formed the judgment that my grandfather, János ADORJÁN⁴², was an individual perilous from the point of view of state security, then as a result of that they have relatively secretly exercised shadowing and persecution on my father, Károly ADORJÁN⁴³, and on me too; those agents who directed my life in directions fit for the romanian “hydra”; those university educational cadres who did not recognize my university achievements, and acted in the interest of my sinking under the forefront; the members of the romanian “hydra” who had my advance hindered, who took over the communist regime from the russian “hydra”, and have used it to reach their chauvinist and xenophobe purposes, by so doing curtailing the human rights, empoisoning the public morals and restraining the economic and social development ... Domestic indirect: the members of the Romanian Communist Party, who ensure mass support for the policy of the romanian “hydra”; the members of the Securitate, who intimidate, persecute, torture and kill the presumed and real opponents of the romanian “hydra”, and without whom the party would lose its reign; the squealers and the agents of the Securitate, through whom the romanian “hydra” keeps under its control and influence the society, and without whom the

40 Read approximately: 'buzəha:zə. In the romanian language: Grâușor. Village in the county Maros, Romania, the birthplace of my parents.

41 Read approximately: sekuri 'tate. The political police of the Ceaușescu regime.

42 Read approximately: 'ya:nof' ɔdorya:n.

43 Read approximately: 'ka:roy 'ɔdorya:n.

Securitate would become ineffectual; each person who endures the absence of rights, yields to the moral depravation, and do not pretend a higher level of development ... Foreign direct: the members of the russian “hydra”, who embraced and raised to the level of state policy the “scientific socialism” of Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels and Vladimir Ilich Lenin, made that the main instrument of their interior and exterior reign, and after the second world war, on the basis of their principle “Moldavia for North Transylvania”, sanctioned the frontier running close by me; the members of the bulgarian, the czech, the hungarian, the polish and the slovak “hydras”, who also saw in the communism a good instrument for reaching their national-communist purposes, by bringing it into existence ensuring an international legitimacy to their common regime; the members of the french “hydra”, who after the first world war, in their final reckoning with the austro-hungarian monarchy, as one of their euroreign rivals, and in the violent expansion of the “francophone”, namely the latin area, they annexed a disproportionately large territory to the romanian national state resulting in an inequitable distribution of ethnical minorities ... Foreign indirect: the members of the Bulgarian Communist Party, the Communist Party in Czechoslovakia, the Hungarian Socialist Worker’s Party, the Polish United Worker’s Party and the Soviet Union’s Communist Party, who constitute the mass support of soviet-type communism; the members, agents and squealers of the political police of the communist states, but mainly of the KGB⁴⁴, who ensure maintaining the communist reign in this region; all those members of the bulgarian, the czech, the hungarian, the polish, the slovak and the “soviet” european peoples, who content themselves with what they are given and allowed from above ... It is impossible for me to establish to what an extent those european peoples are responsible ... But owe a debt of gratitude to those members of the european polish people, in the first place to Lech Wałęsa, who by the Solidarity trade union built up such an opposition, which the communist regime is being able to tame only with martial law ... At the same time, owe a debt of gratitude to those members of the european hungarian people, in the first place to Imre NAGY⁴⁵, who overthrew the communism, inaugurated the democracy of occidental type, then to defend it they were at war with the Soviet Union; if they had triumphed, now i would be just at a stone’s cast from my final end ... So, my presence here has two fundamental causes independent of each other: the so-called Great October Socialist Revolution, namely the mock-revolutionary coup d’etat of the bolshevik party, and the Paris dictated peace, namely delimiting the romanian-hungarian frontier according to the interests of mainly the french “hydra” ... Therefore, if there was a relative democracy in the romanian national state, or its frontier ran some-

44 The political police of the Soviet Union.

45 Read approximately: ‘imre ’nogy.

where south of Marosvásárhely, then probably it would have never occurred to me to illegally cross the frontier.

I pricked up my ears to a hum of engine. It was swelling from the railroad. Got up a little bit, and looking in its direction, began searching the terrain.

From the opposite dike, an ARO⁴⁶ of dark-greenish khaki color viewed. A mild chill having come over me, drew myself down.

At last, something is happening! — thought.

It passed in front of me. I turned my attention to the direction of the watch-tower. It stopped behind the shrubbery. It became silent.

The jeep started up. It came nearer. Running farther on the dike, dropped from sight behind the vegetation.

Has anything changed? — raised i the question to myself.

Climbed up to the shrubbery. Controlled the watch-tower. There was a frontier guard in the box.

No essential change — thought. ... It is probable that there has happened a relief ... I have plenty to wait till the evening!

Let myself down back with an increased despondency. Sat down. The passing of time seemed to be slow.

The illegal fleeing proves to be much more difficult — was thinking — than i imagined ... Am on the right way anyway? ... For all that, would the legal variant not be better? ... If nothing else, from 1 january would be engaged to the research section of Prodcomplex, and from there they would already allow me to go to the Occident ... Would not expose myself to such risks?! ... In the summer of 1984 and of this year as well, could have obtained the immigration visa from the american embassy ... In april 1985, when asked for a permit of going abroad to the Soviet Union, the clerk of the passport office being at the window winked significantly, practically signaling that they would grant me the visa to America ... And also major Bordea⁴⁷ evidently hinted at that, when at my hearing he talked about an American talent-assessing computer ... Why would not go out to America?! ... Would it not be easier to from there legally reach West-Germany? ... Yes, but coming from America, could not get political asylum there, and a simple entry does not mean immigration yet ... Further, as soon as the american "hydra" got to know that would go abroad from America, it would also get to know that have political purposes ... At that time, would also get into peril, namely it could even have me deported back to the romanian communist state ... And here, the Securitate would

46 The jeep of romanian communist make.

47 Read approximately: 'bordeΔ. The chief of the passport section of the militia in Marosvásárhely. He interrogated me in april 1985 on my attempt to emigrate to the Soviet Union.

do away with me! ... My appearance this year on 15 may at the United States Embassy for an immigration visa resulted in my calling up to the Securitate on 1 july ... It is still alive in my memory the voice coming from the telephone at the place of work: "I am major Ghidiu"⁴⁸ at the Securitate." ... Afterwards, to my question "who is that?", the spelling of his surname, stressing each of its letters with a first name ... And the jovial tone of him, referring to that in that procedure he depended on the telephone of the place of work and my working time, and he would not leave marks on the civil society through my parents ... Afterwards, on opening the door of the office, the question addressed to me politely, but with a sneer, referring to the consciousness of my negative answer, in a mildly threatening tone arising from the nature of the romanian communist regime hallmarked with the name of Nicolae Ceaușescu: "Have you ever been here?", expressing that it was customary to the Securitate to call or take in some humans to that building, whose left wing belonged to the militia, and right wing to the Securitate ... Afterwards, the big world map hanging against the wall in front of me, with which the "hydra" programed that i was freely sitting in front of the world, although it was keeping me as in a prison within the frontiers of its hunting-field guarded with machine-pistolled soldiers in a room of its political police, and in all probability it had it nosed for which continent i was casting a glance at mostly ... Afterwards, the sullen securist⁴⁹, coming in instead of the jovial one, who taking place in front of me walking round the chair made me perceive that i was a subject ... Afterwards, his forearms placed up on the table the nearest possible to me, his eyes riveted on the part of table being in front of me, and his mouth venting the questions closely one after the other, referring to that previously he also had been instructed on me, that therefore i had a file at the Securitate, that he was interested not so much in my answers, as in my tone and its evolution, nosing for whether i feared the communist regime, had reasons for fearing it ... And his smaller and thinner stature, by this means the regime cynically programing that it had not come to blows, just because the relation of physical forces were to my advantage ... Afterwards, the opening the door and entering of major Ghidiu just on my expressing disapproval with the change of the tone of my answer, his face expressing surprise, and the quick leaving of his sullen comrade, referring to that in the light of the information obtained up to that time, the regime was not interested in a conflict with me ... Afterwards, the face of major Bordea returning my mild smile following his recognition, with such a mimicry, as well as a neck-turning and a little inclining gesture, as if a giant had looked down at a dwarf, programing the lack of chance in case of

48 Read approximately: ghi 'diu.

49 It is a literal adaptation of the word of the everyday romanian language "securist" meaning "member of the Securitate".

my directly turning against the regime ... Though that ended well for me, it could have been fatal as well, if on account of some reason my voice had shaken, and from that the securist had deemed to establish a fear ... It would have been ideal, if it had the visa for the Pierce seminary in Hanover of this september granted ... That would have constituted a perfect immigration into West-Germany, as there would in all probability get political asylum ... It knew this well ... There still ring in my ear the thunderous words of the party secretary of enterprise: "It is not granted." ... The offering employment conflict is a very good pretext for me to try the illegal fleeing ... If do not do it now, later shall not be able to do it without leaking out the political character of my purpose ... And then would be a dead man! ... But enough of these disagreeable questions and memories, and enter upon a more agreeable theme! ... As my attention cannot be fully absorbed by the fleeing, must think about what if this successfully comes to an end, or after i depart from life ... Start from the presumption that the new-world shall then first come to fruition in Germany ... This shall spread in Western Europe, in the whole Europe, and on the planet ... A necessity which is one more reason in favor of deepening the integration ... This also includes the introduction of a common language, the language of communication ... And this language, taking into account the realities, shall not be the esperanto, but the english ... By this means, the official language of one or a number of states becomes the language of the union ... This reasonable solving, the acceptance of a lingual "superiority", is conditioned upon the propagation of reason, the sating of the overwrought national feelings ... Further, the english is not an ideal language, there can also be imagined one better than it, and on the basis of this it cannot be precluded the possibility of the elaboration and introduction of an artificial language much better from the point of view of the efficiency of communication ... Historical facts prove that the reason gains ground sooner or later, the international abuses of nationalism are repelled, even if by force of arms: as a consequence of the first world war, the empire based on the reign of the austrian-german "hydra" roughly broke up into its national pieces; as a consequence of the second world war, there failed the world-reign attempts of the german and the japanese "hydras", and also in their national states the occidental democracy triumphed ... Then, partly to prevent the german military-political reign, there started up the process of european integration ... The union is the single practicable way in the long run ... On a stage of its, states of continental size shall come into being: Europe, North America, etc. ... And on another, but not last level, there shall be established the Earth state ... How ridiculous shall be those "hydra" members, who shall dream of national empires, even when the whole terrestrial humanity live and develop in a single, human "empire" ... This planet state shall already dispose of a cosmic relations system, on the one

part with the humanized Moon, human-made moons, satellites of other planets, the terraformed Mars, and so on, and on the other part also with civilizations of other planetary systems ... And those shall not, cannot be our enemies; the external perils shall be only the asteroids and comets threatening with impact, then the energy and wind of the Sun exploding for a supernova ... Consequently, our policy of defense, if there shall be such a thing, shall not be constituted by preparations for the "stars war", but of producing and developing means making it possible the discovery and deflection or destruction of the celestial bodies scudding towards us as missiles, and the neutralization of the aftermaths of the collision, namely saving the atmosphere, hydrosphere, biosphere and sociosphere ... But think that then it shall be much more important the drawing up and carrying out scientific, technical and industrial projects aiming at our independence from the Sun ... Then we shall already have become extraterrestrial, shall be "gods" in the eye of our cosmic fellow-beings living in the stone age!

The sun was shining. The sky looked blue. I was sitting in the shade with inclined head. At times, it struck me the impression that it was late in the afternoon. At such times, looked at the time, and bitterly established that it was only getting on for noon. Sometimes, became aware of that the autumn had already set in. Had to move, in order not to feel cold.

Could i not gain access to the upper bank through the shrubbery? — raised the question to myself. ... Would not expose myself to the peril of being observed from the left ... Try it!

Stood up. Approached the thick. Pushed aside the outside branches in order to look for a way.

Pricked up my ears to human voices. Looked to the right. From behind the shrubbery on the other bank, from between it and the dike, two frontier guards came out. They wore light-greenish khaki uniforms, on their heads they had bonnets. Went side by side towards the railroad. Held machine pistols on their right shoulders. Talked. The hither one looked at the ground.

Interrupting my way search, i sat down taking cover. Felt secure. Watched in cold blood, as they went past in front of me, then vanished from sight behind the vegetation of the bank. Had been surprised, but had not gotten frightened.

Well, well! — thought. There are frontier guards not only in the watchtower ... If they had kept watch on this bank, could have caught sight of me ... It has repeatedly proved true, how favorable a circumstance was that i chose the left bank ... On the right bank, first the jeep, and now the frontier guards would have threatened me ... Presuming that i would not have returned earlier ... But no. Would have not gone back, as had thought

that the left bank was seen better from the watch-tower ... And now would probably be caught.

I was filled with satisfaction. The shaping of the circumstances influenced my mood positively. To such an extent, that forgot to control the watch-tower.

Has some change happened? — raised the question to myself, recovering my wits ... Two frontier guards have moved off ... It may be that one of them came from the watch-tower.

Climbed up to the upper bank. Went ahead beside the shrubbery. Eagerly glanced at the watch-tower. Did not see a frontier guard. My blood commenced to seethe. Followed it with attention. Neither in the box, nor on the ladder there appeared the khaki uniform.

It is empty! — broke out the thought full of feelings from the bottom of my soul. ... It is unbelievable! ... But during every former watching i saw a frontier guard in or on it ... And two frontier guards moved off ... This is a fact: the watch-tower is empty!

6. Will i try the day-time crossing?

The sudden cropping up of the possibility of an unobserved crossing filled me with excitement. At the same time, the necessity of revealing myself in front of the watch-tower made my flesh creep, even if it was empty.

There is not a frontier guard in the watch-tower — thought, pondering. ... Neither elsewhere is visible a frontier guard ... The dikes screen me from the outside world ... Two frontier guards quit their sector ... A frontier guard is unlikely to be on the bank ... Things being so, what am i waiting for?! ... The fear is ill-grounded, so much the more the terror ... Must overcome my feelings! ... Must listen to the voice of my reason: the time to act has come! ... Am confident that shall cross the frontier!

In haste, let myself down to the lower bank, snatched the satchel, and returned next to the shrubbery. Drew the satchel in front of me, stooped, and close to the vegetation went forward. At the last shrub, halted, crouched down, and began watching the watch-tower.

Perceived no movement, neither in the box, nor on the ladder. Having gotten rid of even the remains of my reserve, got up, and set off in double-quick.

Nothing screened me from the watch-tower though, i did not venture to right myself completely. My impression was that would be summoned. But the watch-tower remained mute. The lack of its reaction, its ineffectualness put an end to my initial excitements.

Focused my attention on the terrain unfolding itself in front of me. It was moving backwards band-conveyor-likely under my feet.

There appeared the stripe of the lane. Looking neither to the left, nor to the right, crossed it with an unchanged pace.

Approached the shrubbery. Slowed down to hurried route-step. Looking to the right, raised my eyes on the watch-tower. Had gotten very nearly with it in the line perpendicular to my direction of march. On each of the two visible sides of its ragged-plank box, there was a small window without a sheet of glass. It looked over the shrubbery giraffe-likely. Seemed to be aggressive, but remained peaceful. Began to run on.

Eagerly scanned the soil, awaiting that there showed themselves the frontier or anything that marked its existence.

On the left side, a white horse emerged. He browsed at the foot of the dike. Was tethered.

Oh, that is all that is wanting — was thinking, worrying — that i run into his master! ... Particularly if he is a frontier guard! ... Or that he take alarm and neigh!

Did not perceive a human. He did not give attention to me. Getting in line with him, he lifted up his head, looked at me, but kept silent.

Removing myself at around 100 meters from the watch-tower, a fence broke through. On the left, it went up the dike, on the right, it blocked the whole bank. It was not high, not more than 1 meter.

It is climbable! — thought. ... This must be the frontier!

Forced the pace. Having approached it, there struck my eye that it had been made of barbed wire. Just from behind it, a stripe around 2 meters wide viewed. Halted short. It was formed by earth broken into small pieces. A much wider one followed after it. Fine sand covered it. On its opposite edge, a fence of similar height ran.

I will not climb it — was thinking — because would leave tracks!

Turned to the right. The opposite bank stood out of the water perpendicularly. Its lower part lacked, it was cut down, excavated. I was taken aback. The dike did not make any alteration in the character of the stripes. Flanking them, the fences too continued in like manner. Approximately at the middle distance, in the white field of a red-framed slab, a hungarian text in red letters drew attention to the frontier.⁵⁰

The left bank remained horizontal, indicating that it had been transformed similarly. Only its line broke with the stripes. At around half a meter from it, the fence ended. Its wires were pressed down on the soil. Having approached the Berettyó, i controlled the left side of the bed: it reached

⁵⁰ According to a widely spread conception, the frontier was constituted just by the stripe. However, pursuant to the law, the frontier was identical with the imaginary fraction-line formed by the totality of the straights interlinking the frontier-stones. [14] As did not see frontierstones, it is probable that the frontier — in pursuance of an interstate convention unknown by me — ran half-distance between the fences, and the slab stood just on it.

the Berettyó perpendicularly. A deep grayness made the bottom invisible.

The trackless crossing is possible only in the water! — established i, being astonished. ... I cannot waste my time with taking off and putting on clothes ... If let myself down into the Berettyó dressed, the proceeding shall become difficult in my wet, possibly muddy clothes, and it shall be visible by the look at me at first glance that am a frontierist ... Then should spend plenty of time with washing and airing, in the vicinity of the frontier ... If the bed is muddy, could stick in as well ... No! Will not let myself down into the water!

I swung to the left. Got up on the bundle of wire. The first stripe was formed by small pieces of earth of nut-apple sizes. With the right foot on tiptoe, stepped in on it, as deep as could, between two small clods. The shoe remained nearly on the surface. Drawing the left foot over it, stepped on the balk around half a meter wide, and put also the right foot on it.

Its frontier guards are not likely to notice this track — thought.

On the following stripe in front of me, particularly next to the margin of the bank, in some places fat grass and other low plants greened. On its other edge, a densely spreading willow-shrub closed my straight way. I swung slightly to the left. Stepped in on the nearest clump of grass. Felt only its stem. Went on pacing so that the most vegetable possible were under the soles. After around eight steps, stepped up onto the following balk.

Not more than twice, i have perceived sand with the soles — thought, partly satisfied.

Looked at the time. It was one or thereabouts. The new fence had a netting. It had been woven of simple wire in brick-sized rectangles. Next to the edge of the bank, it ended. Started on towards it. On the left, a footpath stretched itself out, till it faded in the grass after a few meters. Stepped over the bundle of wire, and began to run.

Was in ecstasy. Had never experienced a feeling of a similar sublimity. While running, looked back, and waved my hand to the removing watchtower.

“Cheerio, Socialist Republic of Romania!” — whispered.

7. Shall i be caught before Berettyóújfalu⁵¹?

The long-drawn running worn me out. Was under the necessity of halting. Fell on the knees. Recovered my breadth.

Looked back. The watch-tower was visible at around 300 meters. Took off the pull-over. Laid it on the satchel. Drank up the content of the bottle.

51 Read approximately: 'berettyo:uyfalu. Small town in a straight line at around 20 kilometers from the frontier. [15]

I left only two tracks — thought. ... But failed in the trackless crossing ... Those shall certainly be detected during the first control: the reason why, if am captured, there shall be no reason to disavow the spot of the crossing ... And now, must remove myself from the frontier with all speed and as deeply as possible!

Started on with rapid steps. The crossing of the frontier seemed to be easy. To such a degree, that was under the impression that the romanian "hydra" had my crossing permitted expressly with its frontier guards. Left Marosvásárhely with a strong self-confidence. Subjectively, was sure that would succeed in getting to Austria. The success increased my self-confidence, and verified my conviction. Had a feeling that would attain easily the final end of the route of my illegal fleeing attempt, the territory of the first country in the Occident.

Without doing to the detriment of the advance, watched the terrain, making a comparison between the two sides of the frontier, seeking for the characteristics in the hungarian communist state. On the edge of the Berettyó, duckweed and other water-plants showed. On the bank, no shrubs and shrubberies sprang up, and no brushwood grew, for the most part it was overgrown with fat grass.

As if the water would be shallower — was establishing — and the bank is better kept than in the romanian communist state.

In the distance, a handrail looking white constituted my sky-line. At times, a vehicle went across the bridge. Behind the left dike, a row of poplars came nearer. More forward, a person cropped up. He wore a white shirt and a black waistcoat, on his head he had a black hat. Held a scythe on the shoulder. Let himself down on the bank. Around 300 meters were between him and me. I obliquely turned to the left.

Had no information on whether certain inhabitants in the frontier zone of the hungarian communist state collaborated with the authorities in connection with the frontierists. But starting from safety reasons, here as well had to keep away from humans, namely from the potential squealers.

Got up on the dike. In front of me, in the shape of a brick parallel with the Berettyó, the row of poplars surrounded a detached farmstead. The buildings were situated on its part from the dike. Near them, the typical sweep. It seemed to be abandoned. Outside its hither short side, there stood a small cluster of trees. Did not see a human.

I must remove myself from the Berettyó — was thinking — as from curiosity the person may emerge on the dike again ... Will not enter the ground of the farmstead!

I marched beside the long row of poplars. Searched the buildings. Perceived no sign of life.

It is really abandoned — thought.

Got out on the concrete road. Looked to the left and right. Not a vehicle emerged. In front of me, an immense meadow lay unsurveyably.

The dikes constitute the only screening possibilities — established. ... I must go back between them!

Went across the road. On its edge, turned to the right.

Reaching the bridge, let myself down to the bank. Marched on under the cover of the dikes.

I have gotten rid of the frontier guards — thought.

According to my plan, i had to marching attain the first small town, Berettyóújfalu. Being the biggest locality of the tract, and possessing a railroad station, judged that it was the fittest variant from the point of view of both the money changing and the proceeding.

Had by me 400 lei.⁵² According to my information, the romanian money could unofficially be converted in the hungarian communist state, one to one.⁵³ With 400 forints, i had to reach Budapest⁵⁴ by train, and to fill my foodstuffs needs till then. At the same time, took with me my almost new pocket calculator of Sharp trademark, which had bought for 2050 lei in Nagyvárad around 1985. Had to turn it into money in Budapest. The sum gotten by selling it even at a half price was enough for reaching Austria.

My equipment still included: the compass of east-german make, that i had bought in Temesvár in my fourth-year student days for 270 lei; a Hungary map, that had torn out of a book of maps edited in the hungarian communist state; a pencil and a ruler, which had taken with me with the purpose of exactly fixing my direction of march; a half-liter glass bottle for water, an umbrella and a shaving-set.

According to my plan, had to get through to the hungarian-austrian frontier on monday. In relation to the spot of its crossing, had examined the terrain of high relief around Kőszeg⁵⁵, Szombathely⁵⁶ and Szentgot-

52 Read approximately: ley. The monthly average salary did not by far exceed 2,000 lei. The price of a bread of 1 kilogram or a tin of tinned fish of 205 grams was around 10 lei. One could travel from Marosvásárhely to Nagyvárad by accommodation-train for 61 lei, while by fast train for 83 lei.

53 The official rate of exchange was two forints for one leu. The exporting and converting of money in this manner were certainly qualified as contraventions. But, in law, I was under coercion. According to the romanian-hungarian frontier treaty, the authorities of the hungarian communist state had to deport the persons having fraudulently crossed the frontier caught by them back to the romanian communist state. On the way to Austria, in all the points of my route section between Marosvásárhely and the hungarian-austrian frontier, i was in the peril of being captured and arrested. In the interest of defending my freedom, namely of traversing the territory of the hungarian communist state, and of crossing the hungarian-austrian frontier illegally, i was indispensably in want of illegally carrying across and converting a certain amount of lei. Under these conditions, the law entitled the frontierists to commit these contraventions.

54 The capital of the hungarian communist state. In the hungarian language: Budapest.

55 Read Ӧෂෑංඛ approximately: 'kə:seg'.

56 Read approximately: 'sombothey'.

thárd⁵⁷, but had not pointed it out in advance. Had to keep on pondering over the possibilities traveling towards Budapest. In addition, it also depended on with which train would leave Budapest, what kind of connections would be available.

I planned to spend the nights in trains and stations. Endeavored to sleep through the first one partly traveling, partly in the waiting-room and then on a long seat for four persons of a compartment of a carriage of a passive accommodation-set in Sarmaság. Berettyóújfalu seemed to be fitting from this point of view as well.

A hum of motorcycle struck my ear. Stopping short, i looked up. It was coming nearer on the left dike.

It is still too far for the driver to observe me — thought. ... I must hide myself!

Looked round. There was no suitable vegetation nearby.

If i now climb over the dike — was thinking — shall only make evident to him that am a frontierist.

Started on. The person wore civilian clothes, on his head he did not have a cap. Having approached me, he turned his look towards me, we looked at each other, and without greeting proceeded on our ways.

What could he think about me? — raised the question to myself. ... In a clothing of nature colors, i am coming from the direction of the frontier ... Could appear at least suspicious in his eye ... Hope he will not squeal me ... It is a strange thing that i could not avoid the attention of either of the motorcyclists, they observed me necessarily! ... It is also strange the numerical and spatial symmetry between, on the one part, the two motorcyclists, and on the other part, the two bereted workers and the black-hatted reaper! ... As if someone had arranged the perils to be distributed equally and uniformly on the two sides of the frontier!

The Berettyó commenced to bend to the north. According to my map, describing a curve of around a semicircle, it wound in the direction of Berettyóújfalu.

I will not follow further its course! — thought. ... So shall be able to shorten my way with several kilometers ... Have already removed myself sufficiently from the frontier anyway ... And after all, up to the present have met humans only between the dikes ... Determine my new direction of march!

Came to a halt, and put down the satchel on the grass. Drew forth the map. With the aid of the pencil, ruler and compass, pointed out the direction of Berettyóújfalu.

I set the wrist-watch! — thought. ... With crossing the frontier, have

57 Read approximately: 'sentgotha:rd.'

gotten one hour.

Started on. Climbed the dike. The vast meadow unfolded itself in front of me. Slightly on the left in the distance, there lay a village⁵⁸. It perceptibly differed from the ones in the romanian communist state, referring to a more developed civilization. Housetops were visible only in some places among the high spreading trees. In its middle, a church with a slight steeple rose above all. In front of it, a flock of geese showed white. Looked at the compass.

My pointed-out direction of march passes by the right corner of the village — established. ... This meets my requirement, according to which i must keep the localities out of my way.

Let myself down to the meadow. Took up such a pace that was able to keep for a long time: did not walk, but did not make haste very much.

Having approached the flock of geese, turned my attention to two persons. One of them was sitting. Both stared at me.

It is already late for me to turn to the right — thought. ... I would cause a sensation ... Must march on unchanged.

“Good afternoon!” said i, in the hungarian language.

The sitting older one, possibly the father, returned my greeting by a nod.

I can read in their eyes — was thinking — that am not an everyday phenomenon hereabouts ... They are grazing the geese; and the village is rather far: do not think that they will squeal me.

From the direction of the village, a truck came. It struck my eye its characteristic sky-blue cabin. It drove past in front of me.

I reached the concrete road. Looked to the left. Was around 50 meters from the nearest house. Did not see a human. Went across the road. Parallel with it, a railroad ran. It was followed by a harrowed fieldland. Stepped over the rails.

I fix a new reference point! — thought.

A dried-out marshy terrain followed. For the most part, it was overgrown with sedge. On its other edge, a country lane led. After it, a biscuit maize-field was visible. From its inside, human voices sounded. Slightly on the right, the lane arched to the left. Turned to it. A number of persons appeared while gathering maize. Seemingly, they had not turned their attention to me.

58 Kismarja, [Read approximately: 'kis̪mɔrja] in a straight line at around 4 kilometers from the frontier. [15]

The lane commenced to considerably deviate from my pointed-out direction of march.

I have no choice — was thinking — but to enter the maize-field.

Had to advance perpendicularly to the rows. To make easier the marching and not to cause loss, pushed aside the plants gotten in front of me. The lack of weeds was striking. Namely, in the romanian communist state had experienced that in the maize-fields there grew millet as well.

Looking ahead, the horizontal field appeared almost infinite. Only very far away loomed a wood. The sun was shining. I felt dry. The advancement meant a difficulty not only physically, but in its monotony spiritually as well.

Despite the uniformity of my steps, had the impression that there was a qualitative difference between them: through each of them was getting farther from the world in which had been born, but in which to live — live freely, live as a human, live as myself, live for myself and for others — had not been able, where to live — live as a prisoner, live inhumanely, live impersonally, live against myself and others, live for the dehumanizing, depersonalizing “hydra” — had been unwilling; and through each of them was drawing nearer to the world which had never experienced directly, but of which had known that there the humans could live — freely, as humans, as themselves, for themselves and for others, and not forcedly against others and for the “hydra” — and which attracted me primarily just for this reason so irresistibly. Despite my not-perceived tiredness and getting tired, each and every step bore upon me as a satisfaction, relieving me of the burdens, which the romanian “hydra” had laid on me for years, and which could shake off me only by illegal frontier crossing.

I got out of the maize-field. In front of me, on a high ditch, a lane ran. On the right, at around 50 meters, it bent to the left. On its opposite side, the field continued.

It does not deviate much from my pointed-out direction of march — established. ... I will march onwards on it!

Clambered up the grassy slope. Turned to the right. A grove, a field-land, and another grove got into my visual area. Beheld a watch-tower. It stood on the left side of the lane. Was around 4 meters high. The open side of its box looked on to the maize-field.

It serves for watching the crop — thought.

The watch-tower proved to be empty. It was entirely built of wood. A tractor performed operations on the fieldland. On its opposite side, the soil suddenly projected out of its plane.

Probably, that is the dike of the Berettyó — thought. ... I have better return behind it as soon as possible!

A row of plum-trees stretched into the fieldland in the direction of the dike. Turned off the lane, and proceeded on its balk.

Coming to its end, the tractor was farther removing itself. Accelerating, stepped on the harrowed soil.

Climbed the grassy side.

It is the Berettyó indeed — thought.

Behind its other dike, housetops were set in order. On the left, at around 200 meters, a concrete road led over it, into the village. Saw a motorcycle and a passenger car running on it.

I will not go down to the bank — was thinking — as by so doing shall just call the attention to me! ... Berettyóújfalu lies on the right side of the Berettyó ... Must make use of the occasion to go over it ... This is already the second village ... Am at around 10 kilometers from the frontier ... Consider it impossible that someone squeal me here.

Started on swinging towards the bridge.

On the other bank, close to the bridge, a place-name table stood.

Hencida⁵⁹ — read off its lettering.

Went on the concrete road. Front-wise, a passenger car came. The four persons sitting in it all looked at me.

I do not think that my frontierist character has caught their attention — thought. ... Sooner they have reacted to my curious-looking pants and cap.

I turned to the left on the dike. Drew forth the compass. Controlled its direction. It roughly coincided with my pointed-out direction of march. A well beaten path around 3 meters wide led on it. Under it, fences of courtyards succeeded one another.

On the courtyards, saw one or two masters. Probably, they too observed me. But it seemed that i did not attract their attention.

Began to remove myself from the village. Suffered from thirst.

Within a while, i shall reach Berettyóújfalu — thought. ... If not somewhere else, in the station shall certainly find water ... But what is the good of this over-precaution?! ... Here, no longer see a peril ... Must look for water ... Will not enter the village, only on its edge!

Turned off the dike. Proceeded towards the nearest house.

Between the laths of the fence, saw into the courtyard. Beheld an old person. He wore a dark blue union suit, on his head he had a black beret. Sitting on a stool almost with his back to me, he was busy.

“Good afternoon!” said i.

59 Read approximately: 'hentsido. Village in a straight line at around 13 kilometers from the frontier. [15]

He appeared not to have heard it.

“Good afternoon!” repeated my greeting, louder.

He continued being busy seemingly invariably.

He is probably hard of hearing — thought.

Turned to the left. Going along the fence, reached a footpath. Turned to the right on it. Outside the courtyard, a number of sheep grazed. Next to them, there lay about a youngster.

“Hello! ... Tell me where can i find some water!”

“Farther, alongside the road,” answered he, pointing up the direction.

He spoke with a peculiar accent the first time heard by me. Appeared to be a little shy.

“Is it a common well?”

“Yes.”

“Thank you!”

I started on. From the footpath, turned to a pavement. On its right side, it was flanked by fences. On the left, a flower bed separated it from a rubbed road. In its stripe, there appeared a faucet around 1 meter high with a jack. Forced the pace.

Getting there, put down the satchel, and drew forth the bottle. Filled it up. Eagerly drank off its content.

Filling for the second time, turned my attention to an old woman person, as on the sidewalk she was hurriedly coming nearer to me from the direction of the Berettyó. Her movement and face irradiated a high degree of exertion and interest.

“Good afternoon!” greeted she me, already from a distance, with a usual accent.

“Good afternoon!” said i, in a little surprise.

“What are you doing here?”

“I have gotten thirsty ... Am drinking some water.”

“Where’re you from?”

“From Berettyóújfalu,” improvised i.

“And where have you been?”

“At the Berettyó ... To work.”

It was already clear with what kind of reason she interrogated me. Remained undisturbed.

“What’s the time?” asked she, while coming nearer to me.

I looked at the watch. She controlling bent her head over it.

“It is half past three,” answered i, and also showed it to her in order to be convinced of it.

She lifted up her left arm a little, bent, and turning it towards the sun, controlled her wrist-watch. Drew herself up to the full length, and looked at me. As if her initial zeal had changed over into disappointment. Uncountlessly and suspiciously, she scanned me from head to foot.

"It is a fine water," said i, while putting the filled-up bottle into the satchel.

"Good-bye!" said she, and hurriedly moved off towards the Berettyó.

"Good-bye!"

I am convinced — was thinking — that she belongs to the squealers ... It is strange that there is collaboration with the authorities even at around 10 kilometers from the frontier ... But am also convinced that i have given no reason for her to believe that am from Romania, as answered every question satisfactorily ... For that matter, how could she inform the authorities from the perimeter of the village? ... Do not think that she will squeal me.

Took the satchel on the shoulder, and set off backwards.

In the same place, the youngster was gotten on the legs swung towards me. He looked at me with the same shyness. But not a little interest mingled in his eyes.

"I found it. Thank you! Cheerio!"

Before a sharp left curve, a footpath diverged from the dike. It led into the near wood.

A new possibility for shortening my way — thought.

Fixed its direction. It coincided with my pointed-out direction of march. Turned to it.

In the wood, i must prepare myself for the appearance in Berettyóújfalu — thought.

Changed the camouflaging pants with the fabric pants. Took off the cap, and combed myself. Put on the pull-over and the jacket. Proceeded on my way.

The sport shoes do not very much go with the fabric pants — thought. ... It may be that they shall look comical in the eye of some persons, but this is now of minor importance to me ... If i had decided to carry low shoes as well, then should have packed in a larger bag, and that would have made it more difficult my approaching, crossing the frontier, and also my farther way.

A mild excitement had pervaded me. Felt that i was drawing near to a new phase of my illegal fleeing attempt.

Out of the nature! — thought, becoming enthusiastic. ... Back to the society! ... All done with marching, creeping, crawling, hiding, hungering, thirsting in the wild, in the manner of animals ... There commences the advancing by train, nourishment among humans, befittingly to humans ... How next in Berettyóújfalu? ... In relation to the money changing, the best is to turn to private persons, possibly on the skirts of the town ... At the

same time, i will try to sell the calculator ... Afterwards, will go to the station without delay ... If everything is all right, shall be in Budapest this very evening.

Beheld the fringe of the wood. Among the boles, there greened grass. Dispersedly, trees stood on it.

From the left, a Trabant⁶⁰ Break drove in the little meadow. It was of light-green color. It took a curve to the left, and stopped close to the footpath.

Week-enders — thought.

Proceeded on my way undisturbedly on the footpath.

Having approached the car at around 3 meters, its door on the left side suddenly opened out, and the driver rose from it with his back to me. He wore a blue uniform, on his head he had a flat cap.

The glimpse of the policeman bore upon me like a bolt from the blue. For that matter, i did not like the uniformists, but at this moment there were far more things: the scattering of a hope, the ceasing of my freedom feeling and natural liberty, the re-establishing of my communist social captivity, the losing of my status cynically named liberty by the legal language, the knowing of a new aspect in the hungarian communist state of the communist realities. Halted short.

If i began running — was thinking — could hardly avoid his possible shooting.

He whipped round. Was middle-aged, wearing a mustache. His look expressed a merciless resolution. On his right hip, there hung a holster.

“Where’re you from?” asked he, in a suspicious tone with a country accent.

His words sounded like the thunder following the lightning.

Either way, he will ask for the proof of identity — thought. There is no reason for upholding the Berettyóújfalu variant.

“From Marosvásárhely,” answered i, in cold blood.

Suddenly, he strained the muscles of his body, and hoisted his hands close to the pockets.

It is probable — was thinking — that he has prepared himself for whipping out the pistol. Well, i will not give him occasion for that!

“Throw aside your bag!” cried he. “Empty your pockets!”

I obeyed him. Threw down the satchel. From the right pocket cast out the handkerchief, from the left one the toilet paper.

“Hands up!”

I lifted up my hands. He came close. Cautiously, subjected me to manual search. Drew forth a pair of manacles. From the front, put them on my wrists. Picked up the handkerchief and the toilet paper. Put them into the

60 A little car of east-german make.

satchel. Set it in the car trunk. Had me gotten into on the back seat. Tears welled into my eyes.

You, evil! — thought. ... I did my utmost in order for you to find out nothing about my illegal fleeing attempt ... It is probable that you do not know yet that i departed, all the less that am here ... And one of your tentacles has still pounced upon me!

8. With the policemen of the hungarian communist state

“What’s your name?”

“István ADORJÁN⁶¹.”

“From Hencida, a woman rang me up. She said that a young man having been at the Berettyó to work had looked for water at her. I told her that knew nothing of people working at the Berettyó, but would check up on it ... Why did you go down the dike?”

“The footpath fitted better,” answered i, sternly.

“... István, István! Why had you to escape?! ... Now, you have ruined all your life ... The romanian customhouse officer will take you over in an hour!”⁶²

On the right side, a house appeared. The car took a curve to the right. Two rows of houses flanking a wide rubbed road indicated that it arrived at a village.⁶³

In front of an old-style building with an upper storey, it pulled up. The policeman got out. He opened the door on the right side, and pulled forward the seat.

“Come! We’ ll do the papers, and then go to Újfalu⁶⁴.

I went into the building. He had a spacious office simply furnished.

“Be seated!” said he, and pointed to a kitchen stool neighboring the wall.

“Thank you.”

He put a typewriter on the bureau. Sat down. Placed a transfer paper between two blanks. Its bronzed figured reverse struck my eye as against the entire homogeneity of the accustomed carbon in the romanian communist state. He inserted them, and asking for my particulars, began typing.

61 Read approximately: 'istva:n 'ődorya:n. My hungarian name.

62 Pursuant to the hungarian–romanian frontier treaty of 1986, inside of at most 48 hours the authorities of the hungarian communist state had to deport back to the romanian communist state the persons having fraudulently crossed the frontier caught by them, along with the sum of money, documents and objects found at them. [14]

63 Gáborján. [Read approximately: 'ga:borya:n.] It lies at around 14 kilometers from the frontier. [15]

64 Berettyóújfalu.

"Listen!" said i, desperately. "... But in 1984, i sent a letter to the Central Committee of the HSWP.⁶⁵"

"What kind of letter?!" asked he, a little confusedly.

"... In it: i referred to some abuses of the romanian communists; bound myself for the cause of communism; brought to their knowledge that would begin a theoretical activity in the interest of a further development of the dialectical materialism; expressed my intention that would have liked to show a political activity in Hungary; and asked for their furtherance."

Politically, in the beginning, i was communist. According to my conviction, the new-world had to be the realized communism. As a result of my theoretical activity, on 16 february 1986 became conscious of that in producing the surplus value there take part not only the manpower — as it had been stated by Marx, Engels and Lenin — but also the means of production. Became a follower of the private property. However, could not delimit myself from the one-party system. Saw the ideology of the new-world in a centrist theoretical solving between communism and capitalism. Accordingly, my purpose was to emigrate to West-Germany from Austria. Judged that the german devidedness and aspirations for unity constituted favorable factors for the translating into practice of my theory.

"And?!" asked he.

"... I would like to find out whether may stay in Hungary."

"You may not."

"... May i submit an application?"

"No."

"... Then, i ask you at least to ring up the Central Committee of the HSWP!"

"It's not possible!" said he, with an unhesitant negative gesture. "... After all, saturday afternoon there is nobody there ... Where have you crossed the frontier?"

"On the bank of the Berettyó."

"When?"

"At 12 hours, hungarian time."

"Where did you want to get through to?"

"To Austria."

A woman person stepped in.

"What has happened?!" asked she the policeman, and looked at me.

"I've captured a frontier violator."

The woman let her eye dwell upon me. Her look was mildly condemnatory, mildly regretful.

I was sadly sitting in the car.

65 Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party.

Why had i to look for water in the village?! — raised the question to myself. ... Would have not endured it as far as Berettyóújfalu?! ... All the more, because there were the tomatoes in the satchel ... Or why did not make a change in my direction of march, did not modify my plan after having left the village?! As thought that the woman collaborated with the authorities ... Or why did not do that when caught sight of the car?! ... It results from the first question of the policeman, afterwards from his surprise following my answer, that he considered me only a suspicious character, and not a frontierist ... It is probable that if had modified my plan, the policeman would not have continued the quest.

“And how did you want to get to the austrian frontier?”

“By train.”

“Do you have money?”

“Yes.”

“Forints?”

“No. Lei.”

“It can be exchanged in the saloon. One to one.”

The car had reached Berettyóújfalu. The policeman pointed up a wider and more updated concrete stripe.

“This road leads to Budapest,” said he.

These remarks are strange to say — thought. ... Otherwise, he seemed to be very, maybe exaggeratedly meticulous, to literally interpret and bring into force the law.

The car drew up in the center of the small town in a parking place. The policeman let me out. While he took my satchel out of the car trunk, a pointsman came to him with a typically police walk.

“Have you caught anybody?” asked he, through his nose.

His curious moving, style of speaking, and the general atmosphere gave me the semblance that i was in America.

“A Transylvanian young man ... He has come across the frontier.”

In a building of the authorities, the policeman had carried out the hand-ing-taking over formalities. He took leave, also of me, and went away. The local policeman put a chair out of the door of the office.

“Wait here!” said he. “Immediately somebody will come for you.”

I sat down. The corridor ended in a door without a latch. Through its window, a mite of the town was perceptible. A varicolored crowd milled in the street. Looked at the manacles.

They are free — the unsuccessful frontierists are captive!? — thought. ... But this is only the appearance, the truth is reversed ... They are prisoners of their fear and presumed incapacity — the frontierists have rid them-

selves of the fear, and are acting ... Above them acts at will the "hydra" — the frontierists have politically shaken off its subversive reign ... Mostly unconsciously though, but they are maintaining the communist regime of the "hydra" — the frontierists intend to cross against it the boundary of its area of authority ... But what if the majority of the humans ran away, or were in as frontierists?! ... Who would "construct socialism and communism"?! ... In this case, not only the laws, but also the regime should be changed ... This is what the regime opposedness of the frontierists, the political character of their actions generally consist in, even if their individual motivations are not political ... They are free in their spiritual prison and in the legal one of the "hydra", as free they are captive — the frontierists, in their specific spiritual complexion, outside the influence of the "hydra", seeking after the way out of the totalitarian state, manacled, imprisoned or outlawed, but they are free! ... Just because we are too free puts us the regime in manacles and under lock and key! ... Sum up the bygones! ... Having inquired after water at him, the youngster told the woman, probably his grandmother, who came after and questioned me in detail ... Although she did not seemingly convinced herself about my foreign identity, went, told the youngster to watch in which direction i would leave Hencida, and she rang up the policeman in the neighboring village ... In all probability, she was prompted by the hope of reward and official appreciation ... After the youngster reported her that i was making for Berettyóújfalu on the dike, the policeman departed ... On the dike, he approached Hencida ... As he did not find me on it, suspected that i had turned it off on the footpath, and he turned back ... He drew ahead of the wood, turned aside to the meadow, and in the rear-view mirror looked steadily at the footpath ... The behavior of the woman should have been a sufficient motive for me to modify my plan ... Should have turned to the west in the wood ... What could the policeman have done? ... They could have captured me only by a manhunt ... But do not think that this means was at his disposal ... Farther from the frontier, could have exchanged the money even in a village, since, as earlier had experienced it, even in the first villages not every one collaborated with the authorities ... Could have gotten on an accommodation-train after Berettyóújfalu as well ... Or when caught sight of the car on the meadow, at least should have awaited till it went away ... But who would have presumed that in a green-colored Trabant a policeman sat?! ... I was in the nature, freely, and the policeman captured me being gone for a drive ... Who has ever heard of such a thing?! ... It was i who came into his hand ... And when think of that was nearer to Berettyóújfalu, than to the frontier⁶⁶ ... What would have happened, if had not gone in search of water? ... Having observed the first house of the

66 I was at around 14 kilometers from the frontier, and around 10 kilometers from Berettyóújfalu.
[15]

third village, would have turned to the left ... Probably, would have reached Berettyóújfalu on its bank or on the dike of the Berettyó.

“Good afternoon!”

I looked towards the entrance. A youngish robust person of middling height was coming nearer. He wore a leather jacket, on his semi-bald head he did not have a cap. Held out his hand smiling. I stood up.

“Good afternoon,” said i.

We shook hands. Introduced to each other. He was a frontier-guard captain.

“You crossed the frontier, didn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Come! We shall go over to the frontier-guards.”

He exchanged a few words with the policemen. Asked for my satchel. Led me out of the building.

9. With the frontier guards of the hungarian communist state

The frontier guard had me sat into a dark-greenish khaki jeep of an unknown make. It moved off. Searched its provenance. Found out a cyrillic script.

It is soviet — thought. ... Of what other sort it could be under the circumstances of this close hungarian-soviet “hydra” friendship?!

The jeep pulled up in front of a green steel-plate gate. It honked. It was drawn away.

In the courtyard, i was let out. The captain frontier-guard conducted me into an office.

“Corporal!” cried he.

In the door, the corporal appeared. He wore a mildly yellowish khaki field-uniform, on his head he had a peaked field-cap. It seemed to be more modern than the field-uniform of the common soldier of the romanian communist state.

“At comrade captain’s service!”

“Remove the manacles from the hands of the young man!”

“Understood! Comrade captain, I’m reporting: may i leave?”

“Yes ... Are you hungry?”

“Well ... Yes.”

The corporal came back. With a little key, he undid the manacles, and took them off.

“Prepare something to eat for the young man!”

“Understood! Comrade captain, I’m reporting: may i leave?”

“Yes … Take a seat!” said he, and pointed up the chair in front of the table.

“Thank you.”

“Where did you come over?”

“On the bank of the Berettyó.”

“When?”

“Today at noon.”

“How did you approach the frontier zone?”

Why is he interested in it?! — raised the question to myself, in a little surprise.

“By train,” said i.

“On which route?”

“… Székelyföldvár⁶⁷-Nagyvárad.”

In reality, i had traveled through neither of those localities. From Marosvásárhely, Biharfélégyháza could be attained by train the most quickly on that route.

“By which train?”

“… By a Nagyvárad fast train.”

In reality, conforming myself to the plan, i made use of only accommodation-trains with the purpose of keeping out of my way the agents and the authorities of the romanian “hydra”.

“When did you arrive in Nagyvárad?”

“In the evening.”

“And from there?”

“… I cannot remember.”

“By a Szatmárnémeti train, didn’t you?”

“I do not know.”

“Do you have the tickets?”

“No.”

“… And where did you get off?”

“In Biharfélégyháza.”

“Why not in Paptamási⁶⁸?!”

“Because my map indicated Biharfélégyháza as the nearest locality to the Berettyó.”

“And afterwards?”

“Along the railroad, i reached the Berettyó. Afterwards, went onwards on the bank, till a watch-tower made my proceeding impossible.”

“At what distance did you approach the watch-tower?”

“At around 100 meters.”

⁶⁷ Read approximately: ‘sekeyfə:ldva:. In the romanian language: Războieni.

⁶⁸ Village in a straight line at around 5 kilometers from the frontier. [7]

“And hadn’t you been observed till then?!” asked he, a little amazedly.

“At times, i had to creep as well.”

“And how did you come over?”

“The sentinel left the watch-tower. Afterwards, i crossed the frontier.”

“... You speak hungarian well ...”

“I am of hungarian ethnicity.”

“Were you educated in hungarian?”

“Till the tenth form. I had to complete the other seven years in romanian.”

“... You live badly in Romania ...”

“Very badly.”

“Why didn’t you too make a revolution?” asked he, and scanned my face inquiringly.

I did not answer. He stood up. Took my satchel, and from it put the things out on a small table. Poured the partly bruised tomatoes out into a waste-basket. One after the other, controlled the objects. There was a knock.

“Come in!” cried he.

A common soldier appeared in the door, with a tray in his hand.

“Comrade captain, I’m reporting: I’ve brought the meal.”

“Put it down on the table! ... Fall to it! Good appetite!”

“Thank you.”

“Comrade captain, I’m reporting: may i leave?”

“Yes.”

It was a limited helping of scrambled eggs, in a china plate, with a few slices of bread, and a plastic mug of tea. I began eating.

He put the controlled things back into the satchel. In his hand with my purse and map, sat down in front of me.

“You know,” said he, “i don’t want to force you to leave the money here, but warn you that the romanians will punish you for it!”

“It may remain here.”

He laid by the four bank-bills of one hundred lei.

“As regards the coin of two marks⁶⁹, i’ll retain it ... That is to say, i collect it, you know ... As for the map, i’ll throw it away.”

He tore the map in two, and slipped it into his pocket.

“Do you want some more?” asked he.

“If there is some more ...”

The second time, the plate was overfull.

“Have tea as well! ... It’s with lemon!”

69 A hungarian woman citizen gave it to my parents a few days before my departure in exchange for a long-distance telephone call. The law of the romanian “hydra” punished the illegal possession of hard currency with imprisonment.

"No, thank you."

"Set aside the bread! ... It shall serve the purpose in Romania."

"Thank you!"

I put the left slices in the satchel. He had the dishes carried out. Went out.

He sent in a common soldier to keep an eye on me. He sat down on the chair of the captain. In his hands, held a Kalashnikov machine pistol without a cartridge carrier. He did not say a word. Seemed to be of uncommunicative type.

In all probability, the regulations prohibit the conversation under such circumstances — thought.

A common soldier stepped in.

"Have you frightened him?" asked he his comrade sitting in front of me.

"No," began he to speak, with a smiling face.

"What should i have gotten frightened of?!" asked i.

My guard seemingly hesitated.

"... Nevertheless, you've better know it," said he. "... You'll take from the romanians ... a few slaps in the face ... kicks of brogues ..."

"This is new for me," was i saying, beginning to smile, "but i have not gotten frightened."

The door opened. The captain appeared in it.

"Come!" said he. "We go!"

I took the satchel on the shoulder. Went out. It was already dark. They had me gotten into the back seat of the jeep. Locked its door being on my left side. The corporal got into by me, the captain by the driver.

In Hencida, the jeep pulled up in front of a house. The captain got out. He entered through the gate.

He came out accompanied by a bereted man. I deemed to recognize the person seemingly not having heard my greeting. They shook hands. The captain bowed a little.

Certainly, he has come here not only to pay him his respect — thought. ... He has tendered his thanks, maybe handed over the money reward ... He is fastened in his interest to the squealer, to the squealer network, he takes part in building it up and setting it into action ... His interest is to have the most possible frontiers captured, as in all probability rewards are meted out on the basis of this from higher quarters ... But this cannot be in the first place his own interest, he was interested from higher quarters

... What kind of a character has the interest of having it hunted the humans having illegally come over the frontier? ... It may be communist internationalist: the international interest of the hungarian communist state is to keep back the filtering through the Occident of the socialism and communism builders from the neighboring and “friendly” romanian communist state ... It may be hungarian nationalist: the interest of the hungarian communist state, is that the “hungarians”, for the most part living in the area of the “historical Hungary”⁷⁰, remain in a block, not to shrink even at the sacrifice of suffering the communism ... And whose interest could be of state, communist and hungarian nationalist character? ... My answer is unique and unambiguous: that of the hungarian “hydra”.

The jeep clove the obscurity in two on a concrete road. It was striking its good condition corroborated by the smooth running. I looked steadily at the signboards. Would have liked to know myself as far as possible from the frontier, to avoid the unavoidable as much as possible, to arrive in the romanian communist state as late as possible.

A new chapter starts in my life — thought. ... I shall fall in prison ... However, have no choice, but to face the consequences of the half-success of my illegal fleeing attempt, to pay out the price of my short natural liberty ... How much social captivity shall i have to give for that? ... No matter how much, it shall pass ... And then shall be able to flee again.

“On which bank of the Berettyó did you cross the frontier?” asked the captain frontier guard.

“On the left bank.”

“We are now going to the Berettyó. Explain where did you make way?”

“... In the beginning, i advanced along the Berettyó ... After a bridge, turned to the left ... I cannot exactly tell where went on ... “

“Did you see constructive works?”

“What do you mean by ‘constructive works’?”

“Road ...”

“Yes, i crossed a road.”

Before the bridge, the jeep turned off the road to the right. It proceeded on the left dike of the Berettyó.

In the light of the headlamps, there rose to view the fence. The jeep halted. The captain and the corporal got out. They let themselves down on the bank.

⁷⁰ The hungarian state having the largest territory in the course of history. It included relatively great parts of the present Romania, Slovakia, Croatia and Serbia.

At the willow shrub, they turned in on the bulk. With a pocket lamp, the captain flashed a beam of light on the stripe. They started back.

They could not see a lot — thought. ... Probably, they have not continued seeing for my tracks because of the vegetation.

An illuminated place, a barrier and buildings indicated the frontier crossing-place⁷¹ already from a distance. The darkness behind them as if had been darker, the darkest, the darkness of the darkness. The spiritual pain of unsuccess, unknownness, threatenedness broke out of my body. The feeling of captivity encroached on me, more than ever.

A common-soldier frontier guard of the hungarian communist state lifted up his right hand. The automobile halted. The captain told him something. The barrier was lifted.

On the left side of the road, at the corner of a building, there stood two frontier guards of the romanian communist state. One wore an officer uniform, the other a field one, on their heads they had flat caps. They looked at the jeep, which taking a curve to the left, drew up in front of them.

10. With the frontier guards of the romanian communist state

We got out. The captain shook hands with the frontier guards of the romanian communist state. He cordially conversed with the first-lieutenant, in the hungarian language. They entered an office. The sergeant made a sign for me to follow them. Inside, i stopped next to the door. The superiors sat down to the table. The inferior posted himself on a couch. At times, he looked up at me, and kept his also naturally ominous look long on my face.

He is looking at me — was thinking — as if i had committed at least murder ... Perhaps, he wants to bring about a consciousness of guilt in me.

Having finished the formalities, the captain took leave. He shook hands also with me. The first-lieutenant saw him out. I went out of the office. The sergeant came after me.

“Well, have you thought — was he asking, ironically — that we would receive you with open arms?! ... Now come!” said he, and showed me to go ahead by the side of the building.

I started. Having reached a door, looked back.

⁷¹ The Ártánd-Bors [Read approximately: 'a:rta:nd-borʃ]. In the romanian language: Borş.] frontier crossing-place.

"Here?" asked.

He gave a nod of assent. I went in.

"Upstairs!"

I climbed the stairs. Several doors appeared in front of me.

"Ahead, to the classroom!" said he, without coming after me.

I opened the door and entered. Dimly, a bulb illuminated. No one was in. On the right, on the side of the door on the back, there was a stove made of tiles. In the middle, worn tables and forms. On the other side, a cabinet. On the left, a desk and a chair, against the wall a blackboard, in the left upper corner a television.

I put down the satchel on a table. Went back. Sat down. There drew my eye the bad repair and poorish appointedness of the building, in relation to the building of the frontier-guards in the hungarian communist state. Still lived in me the striking contrast between the cordiality of the captain and the vulgarity of the sergeant.

Two common soldiers came in. They did not look into my eyes. Keeping their stares on the parquet, turning their heads slightly sideways, they were coming nearer with slow steps. Their strange attitude seemed to be threatening. In spite of the fact, my attitude of mind was henceforward determined by my experiences obtained during the military service. I remained sitting.

"Where're you from?" asked one of them, roughly.

"From Marosvásárhely," said i, in a free and easy manner.

"Where did you cross?"

"At Biharfelegyháza⁷², on the bank of the Berettyó."

"Then, not at us."

"Which crossing-place is this?"

"Bors ... When did you cross?"

"At one hours."

"In the day-time?! ... How?"

"Under the screening of the shrubberies and brushwood, i approached the watch-tower. At half past twelve or thereabouts, the sentinel left. Afterwards, i went across."

They left.

Between whiles, other common soldiers were infiltrating.

"Why did you cross to the hungarians?"

"I would have liked to get through to Austria."

"Why?"

"For professional reasons."

⁷² In reality, at Pelbárthida. [Read approximately: 'pelba:rthidɔ]. In the romanian language: Parhida.] [7] It lay behind the left dike. Probably, the two bereted persons came from there.

“Didn’t you have possibilities here?”

“No. My place of work did not suit me.”

“Where were you caught?”

“Between the second and the third village.”

“How?”

“I was looking for water at the edge of the second village. Civilians noticed me, and denounced me to a policeman, who then captured me.”

“Couldn’t you run away?”

“I became aware of him too late.”

“Why?”

“His car was of green color, and it drew up with its rear to me next to the footpath.”

The sergeant came in. He turned on the TV. Together with the common soldiers, i went ahead. Sat down on a form. The light was switched off. It was black-and-white.⁷³ Received the program of the television of the hungarian communist state.⁷⁴ It televised an erotic film. The eyes focused on the viewing screen.

A common soldier opened the door and entered. He approached me.

“Come down to the kitchen!”

Stood up, and reached out my hand for the satchel.

“Leave it behind!” said the sergeant, in a firm voice. “Nobody will touch it.”

I went down to the ground-storey. Through a half-open door, light flowed out into the dark staircase. Stepped in. From the right-side wall, as far as the middle of the kitchen, a big brick-stove spread. Opposite on the right, a sink made of rust-proof steel-sheet. As its continuation to the left, a table sheeted with a similar material. On the left, windows and a radiator. On the side of the door, a table. All round, white faience up to a human height.

“You have to wash up the floor!” said the frontier guard. “There’s a pail of water there, with a cloth. Start on the other side! ... Take off your coat!”

He going out, i remained alone. Put the jacket on the table. The floor was constituted by rugged cement of soiled color. Set about doing it.

Another frontier guard came in. I looked up at him. On his shoulder,

⁷³ In the romanian communist state, the color television commenced to appear around this time, and it rated as a luxury article.

⁷⁴ At this time, the Romanian Television — the TVR — as a state monopoly broadcast two hours a day, between 20 and 22 hours. It had never televised an erotic film. The parabolic antennae, making it possible the reception of transmissions from abroad in the interior of the country as well, appeared on the market only after the mock revolution of the year 1989.

two yellow bands indicated a corporal grade. In the middle of the kitchen, he halted, and swung towards me. Behind his blinking eyes, a mild smile was hidden.

“Continue!” said he. “... What kind of qualifications do you have?” asked he.

“Engineer.”

“... What kind of engineer?”

His new tone gave expression to his educational disadvantage, and that he tried to compensate it with the advantage of his political and legal situation.

“Chemical engineer.”

“Where did you graduate?”

“In Temesvár.”

“When?”

“Two years ago.”

“And where did you engage yourself to work?”

“In Ludas⁷⁵.”

“Why just there?! But the great chemical industrial centers are Bucharest⁷⁶, Ploiești⁷⁷, Gheorghiu-Dej⁷⁸! ...”

“Ludas was nearer to my dwelling.”

“Where do you live?”

“In Marosvásárhely.”

“But then why didn’t you go there?!?”

“Marosvásárhely is a closed town.”⁷⁹

“Closed town?! ... But didn’t you too have there a contact somewhere, who arranged you too a place of work in Marosvásárhely?!”

I would have liked to better meditate on my answers, but not only the work, but also the tiredness hampered me in doing that. At the same time, his provoking tone and going into the details of my personal matters were displeasing me.

“No,” said i, disdainfully, becoming mildly irritated.

“You are mocking!” yapped he at me, and started towards me. “Get up!”

Probably, i have given expression to my disapproval with the tone — thought, being scared.

Stood up, and swung towards him. He was looking fixedly into my eyes.

75 Read approximately: 'luduş. In the romanian language: Luduş.

76 In the romanian language: Bucureşti. The capital of the romanian communist state.

77 Read approximately: plo 'yeſty.

78 Read approximately: 'gheorghiu dež.

79 To my knowledge, the number of persons engageable by enterprises in the so-called closed towns was established and restricted by the regime. In reality, that practice aimed at the artificial changing of the ethnic composition of certain localities. They solved the settlement with the wicket-doors or by breaching the law.

"I am not!" said i, excusing myself.

His stare was piercing. He came quite near by. Scanned me. He turned round, and removed. I kept on working.

"... And how long did you stay in Ludas?"

"... For three months."

"Why only for three months?! ... Didn't it appeal to you there?!"

"... They transferred me to the section in Dicsőszentmárton⁸⁰."

"... Why were you transferred? ... Did you do something ill?"

"... I did nothing ill ... I cannot remember the official reasoning exactly."

"... Official reasoning?! ... Maybe didn't lie the comrade director in writing?!"

"I do not know."

"Don't you know?! ... But is it i who should know?! ... You are really mocking!" said he, in a raised voice, and started towards me. "Get up!"

Stood up, and turned round. He was coming nearer with hurried steps. Deeply stared me in the face. Had the impression that he wanted to transfix me with his look. Having approached me, he halted in front of me. We looked each other steadily in the eyes without blinking. In a moment, with his fist, he hit me with all the might in the pit of my stomach. Leaning forward a little, i could not get my breadth. Constricted my abdominal muscles. He leveled further clips at the same region. I lived through new experiences.

He broke off, and went out. I remained alone. My breath being re-established, continued scrubbing the kitchen.

The frontier guard calling upon scrubbing the floor controlled the quality of my labor.

"It's unwell," said he. "... Come here! ... Put your hand on the faience!"

These are looking for pretexts for hitting-beating — thought. The humiliation remains, but i must carry my body.

Put the flat of my hand on the wall.

"Now, put your hand on the face! ... What's it like?! ... It's unstained, isn't it?! ... Now, put your hand on the floor! ... And now, on the face!" said he, with a mild curious smile of humorous nuance.

Obeyed him. He looked at it with a malevolent enjoyment and satisfaction. Under the circumstances of the difficult university entrance examinations, of the certitude and security of the employment of the manpower, and of the economic and political autocracy of the communist regime, the engineers possessed a high social position. This manifested itself in their

⁸⁰ Read approximately: 'ditʃə:sentma:rtón. In the romanian language of the epoch, and respectively of today: Tîrnăveni, Târnăveni.

relatively good financial situation, in their moral prestige, and determining and leading role falling to their shares in the enterprises. He broke into a broad grin.

“What’s your face like?! ... It’s dirty, isn’t it?! ... Well, so be the floor that it do not stain your face! ... Like the faience! ... Go, and wash yourself!” said he, pointing up the sink, and started outwards.

From his look and the tone of his last sentence, i discerned a mild guilty conscience. Moreover, could interpret it as an apology. There was only cold water. Washed down my face. Began scrubbing the floor again.

There entered the corporal.

“Get up!” said he, less brusquely.

Stood up. He nearly stood at attention. His face irradiated gravity. Looked into his eyes.

“Will you still cross illegally the frontier of the Socialist Republic of Romania?” asked he aloud, with a passionate loftiness.

I tightened my lips, breathed in deeply, my facial muscles trembled. Only the fear from hitting-beating prevented me from bursting out laughing. Did not venture to take my eyes off him. Dreaded even to think of a changing.

“No,” uttered.

With my rather unhesitating answer, i tried to be convincing. He scanned my face unbelievably-distrustfully. Gathered up all my strength so as with a winking or a twitch not to indicate at the contrary. He unbent. Changed his look to normal.

“Hell to that!” said he, and began smiling indulgently. “... You won’t cross the frontier with Hungary ... But the frontier with Yugoslavia, that you will? ...”

He searched my face. I remained unchanged.

“Continue!” said he, and went out.

Another frontier guard came in. He held a clean cloth in his hand.

“Leave that!” said he. “Come, and wash down the faience!”

Stood up, and followed him. He showed me how to do it. Handed over the clout, and left. Next to the stove, i got down to the new work.

There came back the frontier guard calling upon scrubbing the floor.

“And what is your profession?” asked he.

“Engineer.”

“Engineer ... And how many years had you to learn to become an engineer?”

“Seventeen years.”

“Seventeen years ... And did you pay tuition?!” asked he, with a raised

voice, and started towards me.

“No.”

“Turn round!”

I turned round. His look was on me. It expressed implacability. He stopped in front of me.

“The romanian state has made an engineer of you!” yapped he at me.
“And this is how you show your gratitude?!”

He scrutinized me with an indignant facial expression. Hit me in the pit of my stomach, three times. His clips did not seem as powerful as the clips of the corporal.

“Continue!”

A robust frontier guard came from the service. On his way to the inner table, he had a kook at me. Seemed to be meek and guiltless. Sat down.

“Give the soldier something to eat!” spoke to me the frontier guard calling upon scrubbing the floor.

I took a cloth, and wiped in front of him the table with crumbs. A frontier guard put an overused skillet on the stove. He poured a bit of oil in it. Chopped a green paprika on it. I kept on cleaning the faience.

“Look at that!” spoke the frontier guard calling upon scrubbing the floor to his fellow waiting for the meal. “That’s an engineer!”

I worked on invariably. Felt their looks on me. The frontier guard having come from service said nothing.

“Who has ever heard that an engineer cross the frontier?!” asked the frontier guard calling upon scrubbing the floor, with the voice raised, and started towards me. “Turn round! ... What shall your fellow-workers say to it?!” asked he, with a lung-power rising on. “... What shall your parents say?!” cried he. “Ahem?! ... What shall they say?!” bawled he.

I constricted my abdominal muscles. Suddenly, he set swinging his right arm, and leveled a powerful smack in my left cheek. I had never had such an experience. The skin of my face rankled, as if it had been scalded. His indignation suddenly turned into a mild smile, uncovering that his attitude was rather lacking in seriousness than serious, that he acted not so much from conviction, as from instructions and pleasure. In a moment, his self-possession made him gotten back to the normal routine.

“Continue!” said he.

My tiredness and somnolence, my instinct of self-preservation, as if had merged me with reality, helped me endure the pains. I have become almost one with the environment, as if had not existed; the environment has almost become one with my sensations, as if all had been a fancy only: the extremes of materialism and idealism have met in me. Have lost the notion of time, have lost my consciousness, have lost my identity, have lost my

human dignity. Did not think, did not put up resistance. My existence has shriveled up to a blind obedience.

I have become a plaything, one of the most defenseless pawns of the power acting above the society. Which has found his puppets in the humans having khaki uniforms put on. Which was trying to have its national secret policy disguised with pretexts. As I did not give, it had them sought for, or created. Humans, who through their acts and aggressiveness, even biologically had been humans only embalmed. Who have sunken under the level of development of the balk of the animals. As compared to whose merciless and spiteful facial expression, the tame and blameless look of a dog seemed to be dignified.

The corporal came in. Perched himself on the table being nearer to the door.

"Bring a mug of water!" said he, and handed an aluminum mug towards me.

I put down the clout, and went and fetched it. Filled it up. Carried it there. He took it away, but did not raise it to his lips.

"It's not good," said he, and poured its content out on the floor. "Bring another one!"

I obeyed him.

He still sent me for water twice. Drank it.

"Parade step ... march!" ordered he.

I started with parade steps. Reached the radiator.

"I cannot go any farther," said, with a certain kind of humorous tone, in order to somewhat brake the atmosphere of hitting-beating.

"But go farther!" said he, laughing.

I pretended to do my best for the sake of going farther.

The frontier guard calling upon scrubbing the floor came in. He brought a green leaf.

"Eat it!" said he, and handed it over.

I began to masticate it. He looked at it with a wry smile.

"What's its taste like? ... It contains many vitamins ..."

Several frontier guards stayed in near the table on the side of the door. Some of them smiled. Others remained seemingly indifferent. But none of them amused himself. The frontier guard calling upon scrubbing the floor went out.

He came back with a newer green leaf.

"Eat this one too! ... What kind of biochemical properties can you conclude from its taste?"

A frontier guard brought a ration of boiled potatoes. He put it down beside me on the inner table.

“Sit down and eat!” said he.

I sat down to table. The plate was made of rust-proof steel-sheet. Just perceptibly though, but perceived oil on the pieces of potatoes. Marveled, on the one part because they had given me more nourishing rations than the frontier guard coming from service, and on the other part because according to my experiences plates of this kind were only used by officers.

A frontier guard came to me.

“Come out!” said he. “You have to wash up the staircase! ... Afterwards, you may go to bed.”

I went out. A tall, harsh-eyed, robust frontier guard stood in front of the door. He held a pail in his hand. Handed it over to me. I began with the labor. The surface of the cement floor was smooth. He came after me.

“Quicker!” said he.

I increased the speed.

“Can’t you hear that quicker?!”

I increased the pace, to the detriment of quality.

“You work slowly! ... If you won’t do it quicker, i’ll beat you!”

I did it on as quick as i could: just ducked the floor cloth filled with dirt, and without cleaning and wringing it, went ahead with the scrubbing, namely with the wetting of the stairs.

“Oh, how slowly you work! ... You’ll catch it! ... Just look at that, you’ll catch it!”

He was on the point of giving me a kick, when i got to the door of the classroom.

“Now you may go to bed,” said he, and pointed up an open door.

I entered the room. On both sides, double iron beds were set in order, in like manner as in the sleeping quarters of the barracks in the Popa Șapcă⁸¹ street in Temesvár at the time of my military service. In some of them, there lay frontier guards. A few were on their legs. Seemingly, they did not give attention to me. On the right side, a lower bed was empty. Only a snow-white sheet covered it. I halted. Being in a puzzle, looked at the frontier guards. But they acted, as if i had not been inside.

Shall i go to bed? — raised the question to myself. ... Clothed, cannot lie down on the clean sheet ... Shall ask for a rug? ... No! They can only use it as a pretext for a further hitting-beating.⁸²

81 Read approximately: ‘popa ʃapkə’.

82 I got to know later that the frontier guards were wont to carry in a sheet the frontierists thrashed to incapacity of movement, and a beating method of the Securitate began with covering with a rug. The latter could serve several purposes: minimizing the left marks; maximizing the effects of the hits by the victim’s not being able to prepare himself for the hits coming from directions and moments unknown for him; avoiding the calling to account of the beaters by recognition.

I went out.

“Well, won’t you go to bed?!” asked the frontier guard.

“... It is already morning ...”

“Then go down on the courtyard, and have a wash!”

It emerged from the attitude of the frontier guards that over and above the momentary orders they were empowered to handle the frontierists to their heart’s content. But i felt that in the bottom of their souls something held them back, that their unnatural behavior involved serious consequences of conscience, that in the course of their ordered or instigated anti-humanness they fought also with their own human nature, that also for the tentacles of the “hydra” their humanness constituted a first-line stand against its anti-humanness, that by way of their human quality they were able to make it inoffensive.

I stepped out to the inner courtyard. The day was beginning to break. Beheld a faucet. Went there. Began laving.

“What’s the matter, uncle?!”

I looked behind. A relatively young frontier guard of small stature, but of stiff bearing stood on the threshold. He wore an officer uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. I took an upright position. From his round face, severity and threat loomed.

“I am laving.”

“End it quickly, and come up to the classroom!” said he, and vanished.

What shall still follow? — raised the question to myself. ... What may still follow after all these?! ... I wonder why he has called me “uncle” ... Neither my twenty-six years of life, nor his more advanced age could justify that ... With that, he has certainly programed the interest of the “hydra”, that i would be in the romanian communist state also when shall be an “uncle”, and my illegal fleeing attempts would never succeed.

From the kitchen, i had brought out the jacket, and put it on. Went upstairs. Knocked at the door, opened it and entered. The officer frontier guard sat at the desk. He was alone inside. Proved to be a lieutenant. Looked up at me severely, a little angrily.

“Sit down!” said he, pointing towards the form of the table in front of him.

“Thank you.”

“Give me your bulletin⁸³!”

I handed it to him. He looked at my particulars.

“Is that bag yours?” asked he.

“Yes.”

83 A translation of the romanian and the romanian hungarian names of the identity book of the romanian communist state. [In the romanian and the romanian hungarian languages: buletin.]

“Empty it! Let me see what is in it!”

I emptied it. He controlled its content, but only superficially.

“That’s right! Pack back!”

It struck me that the calculator was missing.

“My pocket calculator has gotten lost,” said i, in a slightly indignant tone.

He stared at me.

“Did you have a pocket calculator?!”

“Yes.”

“For what purpose did you need a pocket calculator?!”

“I intended to sell it. From the money, i had to buy tickets and food.”

“Did not the hungarians take it?”

“No. After controlling, they put it back.”

“... We’ll verify. And just look at that what you’ll catch, if we come to know that you have lied!”

“Well, you crossed the frontier ... How did such a thing come into your mind?! ... How long is it that you have been thinking about it?”

“... For three or four months.”⁸⁴

“... Where did you want to get through to?”

“To Austria, and from there to the United States.”

“... Don’t you think that you have acted thoughtlessly?”

“... No.”

“... Did you make legal trials?”

“Yes.”

“And?”

“... On several occasions, i was at the United States Embassy — last time on 15 may this year — but i was not granted a visa ... And at the passport office, i was not given emigration blanks.”

“... Did you cross alone?”

“Yes.”

“Nobody helped you?”

“No.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“... You had a great luck ... Ahem! ... Engineer, aren’t you?!” asked he, with a raised voice. “... Engineer of office!” said he, and stood up. “... Get up! ... Take off your coat! ... Stay farther from the table! ... Wasn’t it to your taste there in the office?! ... Ahem?”

84 In reality, since february. Since may 1984, i have undertaken political purposes. Accordingly, gave up my intention of emigration to the Occident, and tried to emigrate to the hungarian, then to the soviet communist states. As these were not made possible, and with regard to the development of my political principles, from february 1986 the idea of the illegal fleeing again commenced to take up my attention.

He came nearer. Reaching at the suitable distance, began pommeling the pit of my stomach. His big fist with thick fingers referred to his rural origin. I constricted my abdominal muscles as strong as possible. But also in that way it smarted. As a result of his clips, got farther and farther back. Having hit the wall, put my left forearm on the targeted point.

“Take off your hand!”

“I cannot bear it longer!” said i, and obeyed him.

He still hit three times. Terminated with a weaker clip leveled at the jaw. I breathed freely. Especially from his last clip, it appeared that i was not the first frontierist beaten by him.

“Sit down!” said he. “... Here is a sheet of paper ... Write down how you did it! ... Everything: beginning with the departure, what you traveled with, how you crossed the frontier, how they caught you ... Everything, eve-rything!”

I will not avow — was thinking — that arrived at Biharfélegyháza via Székelyhíd! ... Will take this risk! ... Be what shall be!

“Is it ready?” asked he.

“Yes.”

He drew forth a rubber truncheon from the drawer, and stood up.

“Get up,” was he saying, energetically, “and take off your shoes!”

I stood up. Pulled off the shoes.

“Take off your socks too! ... Go to the stove! ... Stay facing it! ... Grip the edges! ... Lift up your foot!”

I did not know how would endure the hits received on the sole. Was under the impression that would shed tears, possibly cry and wail as well. He administered a whack on the surface of the sole. I felt a sharp pain. To my great surprise, not only voices did not sally out of my throat, but tears did not gather in my eyes either. My sole went numb in a measure. His second whack no more smarted so much.

When seeing that i voicelessly endured it, he made a great effort. Subsequent to every whack, his moaning was audible. However, my sole went from numb to number, i stood it better and better. He had struck around ten times.

“The other one too!” said he, with an irritated discontent.

I became increasingly conscious of that if he saw me interpreting the maltreatment not as a punishment, but as a drudgery for my purpose — which by this means did not deter me, but made me all the more committed in favor of the cause — he lost his frontier-guard motivation — if he had motivations of this kind — and ran into a dilemma: he remained a frontier guard, terminated the whacking, and by this means contravened the order, or overstepped that quality, and became aware of that his main aim could be only the physical extermination, that he was an accomplice

of the state terror brought into action for the removal of the disobedient, that he was an accessory to the club law of the “hydra”, that he filled the same part like the securist, merely not inside the state, but outside at its frontier.

And the lieutenant frontier guard continued whacking me with an unchanged might. Notwithstanding that i had given him no reason for that. He had struck to my other sole around just as many times.

“Put on your shoes!”

Pacing towards the form, i was under the impression that my soles had gotten to be cushioned with rubber.

The lieutenant opened the door.

“Hallo there!” spoke he to a common soldier. “Go downstairs to the cook, and tell him to bring up a ration of meals!”

He sat down to the desk. Continued the paper work.

“Do you know”, was he asking me, “with how much imprisonment is punished the fraudulent crossing of the state frontier?”

“From 6 months to 3 years.”

“You’ll get three years!” said he, energetically.

“Understood!” said i, resolutely.

There entered the cook frontier guard. Two aluminum plates were in his hands. He put them in front of me. From one, the content of a tinned mackerel in tomato sauce looked dark red and smelled. In the other one, there were a few slices of brown bread.

“Eat!” said the lieutenant, and went out.

He came back with a comrade of him. That wore a non-commissioned-officer uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. He proved to be a sergeant. Looked at me smiling. His face registered interest. Stopped in front of me, and gave me the once-over. Riveted his eyes on the combination of my fabric pants and sports shoes showing from under the table.

“I’m looking at those shoes ...” said he, slightly ironically, continuing to smile.

Also the lieutenant looked at them, with an indulgently and contentedly smiling face, referring to that he had already complied with his personal hitting-beating mission.

“Do you want some more?” asked he.

“No, thank you.”

The sergeant sat down in front of me. He put me questions. Showed himself to be friendly. The dialog appeared as a conversation, rather than a questioning.

“And how did you come near to the frontier zone?”

“I took a train in Marosvásárhely. Changing in Székelyföldvár, then in Nagyvárad, i came to Biharfélegyháza.”

“... When did you depart from Marosvásárhely?”

“On friday, at noon.”

“When did you arrive in Nagyvárad?”

“... Late at night.”

“... At what time?”

“... I cannot remember the time.”

“... How long did you wait?”

“... For two or three hours. But i was very agitated. My mind was constantly running on crossing the frontier. I cannot estimate the time more exactly.”

“... And when did you arrive at Biharfélegyháza?”

“... I only know that it was dark.”

“At getting off, didn’t the sentinel observe you?!”

“I got down on the side opposite to the station-building.”

“The sentinel regularly stands on that side ... And what afterwards?”

“I hid myself in a concrete pipe, and awaited the morning.”

“How much did you wait?”

“... Three or four hours. But it may be that i am wrong.”

“... And why did you hide?”

“Because i did not know the terrain.”

He appeared to consider my answers roughly acceptable. This gave me satisfaction, as it referred to that i made them believe: had approached the frontier not on the roundabout, but on the normal route, and avoided the bad consequences running with discovering my covering the truth.

“He come down to the courtyard!” cried someone through the window.

“Go down to the courtyard!” said the lieutenant.

I went downstairs. Outdoors, the sun was already shining. On the concrete of the courtyard, there were around twenty frontier guards ranged in two ranks. The corporal stood apart. In front of them, a circle struck with white oil-paint.

“Take your stand in the circle!” said he. “... Now, i’ll present how lying down has to be done.”

He stood at attention. Throwing the legs back, he let himself drop on the palms. Got on his legs.

“Now, present to the platoon,” was he saying to me, “how lying down has to be done!”

In my handballer years, i had opportunity to get a hold of this movement. Presented it in a like manner. He set the ranks face to face.⁸⁵

85 That alignment was named “line of infamy”. [16] Originally, it was an instrument of torture of

"Now, take your stand here, and present the parade march!"

My heaved soles still smarted. Between the two ranks, i started with parade steps. Did not beat about, but cautiously drew my feet on the concrete, by so doing keeping the pains on an endurable level, and remaining within the framework of the parade march. Sometimes from the right, sometimes from the left, received forceless clips and kicks. Did not consider necessary to constrict my abdominal muscles. Reached the end of the ranks.

"Once again!" cried the corporal.

I turned round, and started. The relatively forceless clips and kicks were continued. In a given moment, from the rank on my left side, the muscular frontier guard having come from the service into the kitchen with his left fist hit me with all his might in the pit of my stomach. I collapsed. Gasping for breath, put my hands on the region of my stomach, and doubled up.

"He's simulating!" said a frontier guard from the ranks, in a loud voice.

I staggered to my feet. Could not take an upright position. Held my hands on the place of the clip.

"Enough!" shouted down someone, from the classroom. "He come up!"

"Go up!" said the corporal.

I was under the impression that held my stomach in the hands. Trudged in the building. Paced upstairs. Through an open door, beheld two frontier guards as being occupied with a telephone installation of old style.

Probably, they are making a show of controlling — was thinking — whether i had a calculator or not.

There were more frontier guards in the classroom.

"Come, and sign!" said the lieutenant.

He turned round my file. Turning over to the corresponding pages, i signed.

I sat down on a rear form. A common soldier went to the cabinet. He drew forth a billet-wood. Its diameter was around half a span, it ended in a short handle. Put it on the desk.

An instrument of torture — thought. ... Shall i experience that as well?"

There sounded a hum of engine.

"Take your things, and come!" said the lieutenant.

In haste, put on the jacket, took the satchel to my shoulder, and went out of the door.

On the courtyard, a dark-greenish khaki ARO waited. They had me gotten into its hind part. The first-lieutenant got into in front, the lieutenant

the romanian "hydra" destined for the spiritual transformation of the legionaries, which was worked out experimentally in the prison in Piteşti. [Read approximately: 'piteʃty.]

facing me. They had not put manacles on my hands. The gateway was moved away. The automobile moved off.

The first-lieutenant was examining my file.

"What about that calculator?" asked he the lieutenant. "It's been written in the statement."

The lieutenant hesitated. He said nothing.

"Shall i line through it?" asked i.

"No." said the first-lieutenant.

There cropped up the outermost buildings of Nagyvárad. On the skirts of the town, the jeep halted In front of a military unit. Its gate opened. It entered the courtyard.

They took me into the building. Put me in the classroom. No one was in. The building did not seem neglected, its appointedness did not seem poorish. I sat down on a form. Rested my elbows on its table. Was hardly able to keep my eyes open. My body wished stretching out. Become bent, sat on with my head lowered. Waited for the door to open. But no one came in. The loneliness gave me satisfaction, more than ever.

In the downtown, the lieutenant had taken me up to an office of an old building. No one was in. He had me sat down on a worn stand.

A person came in. He wore civilian clothes, on his head he did not have a cap.⁸⁶ Returned the greeting of the frontier guard. Took over the file. Skimmed through it.

"How many footprints did he leave?" asked he the frontier guard.

"Six types," gave that a rapid reply.

I had the negative sentence on the tip of my tongue. But did not say a word.

It is a provocation — thought.

The representative of the authorities signed a paper. Turned it round.

"Sign it!" said the frontier guard.

I signed the warrant for arrest. With the tentacle of the article 245 of its penal code, the romanian "hydra" seized me, as tight as it could.

The jeep pulled up in front of the entrance of the militia⁸⁷. The lieutenant let me out. With both legs, i paced slightly limping in my shoes of rubber hose after my sensation.

There is in vain the fine weather — was thinking — there is in vain the freeness of my hands, as with my smarting soles i could not run away at

86 A public prosecutor in the Bihar [Read approximately: 'bihor. In the romanian language: Bihor.] County Prosecution.

87 Bihar County Militia.

all.

The frontier guard showed me into an office. No one was in.

“Sit down!” said he.

His tone changed almost into normal. He also sat down beside me on the form.

He was looking at the floor with a fixed worried aspect. It could be seen by the look of him an inner contrast gnawing at his heart. As if fighting with his service and political conscience, he had wanted to make amends for the bygone happenings, had liked to raise the moments of parting to a higher level. I deemed to discern his compassion. But his humane conscience remained below the surface. The difference between our legal status came to expression henceforward: he as a participant in, and representative of the reign, in uniform — i as a person acting against, and doing wrong to the reign, in civilian.

A militiaman came in. He wore a non-commissioned-officer uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. A chill came over me. The first time i experienced a blue-uniformist from inside. Up to this time, had mostly seen them only for pointsmen in the street. But in that manner shrank from them as well. However, my negative feelings were made groundless by an almost normal human face showing from the clothes of the romanian communist state.

The lieutenant frontier guard stood up, and greeted his uniformist fellow with the formula mostly used by the military.

“I’ve brought you a criminal,” said he, handed my file over, and took leave of him.

“Good day,” said i.

The presence of the militiaman making the atmosphere still more official, as if the lieutenant frontier guard had not heard, he left the office without reacting.

The returning of my greeting could appear as complicity in the eye of his colleague of reign — thought. ... And never can one know who collaborates with the Securitate ... It is much more important for him the advancement in grade, the goodwill of reign, or at least the avoiding of its ill-will, than humanness and human relation.

11. In the cell of the station house of the militia in Nagyvárad

The militiaman looked into my face, and scanned me from the head to the foot. He turned over the pages of my file.

"Where did you want to get through to?" asked he.

"To the United States."

"And do you think that there is better than here?! ... It isn't all sugar and honey there either! ... Come to control you!"

He took me in a hall-like room.

"Put your baggage on the table! ... Unpack, and afterwards take off your clothes!"

I emptied the satchel. He controlled its content. Felt through the undressed articles of clothing, went through the pockets.

"That's right ... Get dressed! ... Pull out the laces from your shoes! ... And do your packing!"

"The baggage shall stay here!"

There are already not many things to be appropriated — thought. ... The compass, the wristwatch, the clasp-knife and the umbrella can still be filched.

"May i take the handkerchief?" asked i.

"No."

"How about the toilet paper?"

"Nor that! ... You may take the bread! ... And this mug! ... Come after me!"

The cylindrical vessel was made of aluminum. Its seediness and surface dented in more places indicated its age. He conducted me in a narrow long corridor. On the right side, curious doors succeeded one another: planks painted gray, held together with band-irons, in the middle a rectangular bolted wicket, and in its middle a tin disk.

Cells — thought. ... For safety reasons, i will consider everyone a squealer or an agent, without manifesting this! ... Will give out only the pieces of information of which the "hydra" already has the disposal! ... As regards the others, obscurity and misinforming!

He halted relatively near to the bottom of the corridor in front of a door. With a wrench, unlocked it.

"Go in here!" said he.

Three persons stood with their backs to me with their hands behind them. Two were close cropped. In front, on the right and on the left sides each, two old iron beds superposed on each other, covered by blue worn rugs, filled in a great part of the cell volume. I went in. The door slammed behind me.

The arrested turned round at the same time. They looked at me curiously. Their look irradiating friendship and compassion ceased my reticence. We shook hands, and introduced ourselves.

"What have you been put into with?" asked one of them, in the romanian language.

“With illegal frontier crossing.”

“Ah, frontierist!⁸⁸ ... There is one more frontierist with us ... Don’t bother, they’ll give it to the place of work.”

Their attention turned to the bread. Its white color and sponginess would have enchanted even the humans being outside in relation to the quality of the bread that could be had in the commerce of the romanian communist state. In the place of the institutionalized poverty, my privileged situation became intolerable: one of them reached out his hand for it, and took it away.

“This shall do in the evening,” said he, with a smiling face.

He put it up on the upper bed on the left side. An aluminum soup plate stood on it with a spoon. He took hold of it, and gave it to me.

“We have laid aside this at noon ... Eat!”

It contained a grayly troubled thin soup. I sat down on the edge of the lower bed on the right side. Slightly, stirred it. Several bits of vegetables came up to the surface. Tried it. Its tasteless bad taste put me off the appetite.

12. My companion in distress from Kolozsvár⁸⁹

“Where are you from?” asked my frontierist companion, in the hungarian language.

“From Marosvásárhely ... And you?”

“From Kolozsvár ... Where did you cross?”

“On the bank of the Berettyó.”

“When?”

“Yesterday at noon.”

“How did it happen?”

“The Berettyó is flanked by high dikes; the reason why i easily approached the frontier ... The problem was that they had set up a watchtower just beside the right dike ... I hid myself in the riverside vegetation, and from there observed with attention the movement of the frontier guards, as long as became conscious of that they had left the watch-tower ... Afterwards, the crossing was only a formality.”

“... How were you caught?”

“At Hencida, i looked for water ...”

“We also went through Hencida...”

“On the skirts of the village, a youngster showed me the way ... After-

88 At that moment heard this term the first time.

89 Read approximately: 'kolozsvá:'. In the romanian language: Cluj-Napoca. Big town in a straight line at around 140 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

wards, he spoke to his grandmother, who came, questioned me in detail, then rang up the policeman of the neighboring village, who then captured me between the two villages on a meadow."

"One mustached of middle age?"

"Yes."

"We also were caught by him! ... With my fellow, we went into the village, and had not observed that were drawing near to the building of the guardhouse ... Probably, he had perceived us through the window."

"... Where is your companion?"

"He was put into another cell."

"... Where did you cross?"

"By Nagykároly⁹⁰ ... We approached the frontier during the day, through a wood ... The plowed stripe runs just beside it ... From whom did you get the bread?"

"From the frontier guards in Berettyóújfalu."

"What dishes did they offer you?"

"Scrambled eggs and tea."

"Us too! ... At the policeman, didn't they give you anything?"

"No."

"They gave us each a slice of bread and dripping ... Is this your first trial?"

"Yes."

"For me, it is the second one ... Last year, i tried across Yugoslavia ... I crossed the frontier at Versec⁹¹ in the night."

Having heard that he had crossed the perilous romanian-yugoslav frontier, my companion in distress got higher up by leaps and bounds on my frontierist scale of values. Tried to disguise my changed view and increased interest towards him.

"On what kind of terrain?"

"I mostly went in a maize-field."

"... There, what is the frontier like?"

"I didn't perceive the stripe."

"Neither fence?"

"No."

"... How far did you penetrate through?"

"They caught me already before Versec ... By day, somebody had squealed me, as the policemen were already waiting for me ..."

"It seems that some inhabitants collaborate with the authorities there as well ..."

"Quite surely. That's the reason why i tried in Hungary now ..."

90 Read approximately: 'nɔgyka:roy. In the romanian language: Carei. Small town in a straight line at around 6 kilometers from the frontier.

91 Read approximately: 'verjets. In the serbo-croatian language: Vršac. Yugoslav town in a straight line at around 13 kilometers from the frontier.

“... Did the frontier guards beat you?”

“No ... But they took us down to the cellar in order to peel potatoes, and there they had us eaten raw skins ... Our fortune was that we were two.”

“And how about at the romanian-yugoslav frontier?”

“There, they badly beat me black and blue ... They had to take me away in a sheet ...”

13. The existence minimum

We received air through a vent being on the rear wall. No light flowed in through it. Above the door, in a small cubic hollow, an incandescent bulb was lit night and day without interruption. In spite of the fact, we spent the nights undisturbedly.

“Reveille!” sounded the call, early in the morning from the corridor.

I ceased to sleep, and at the same time from the sweet dreams woke up to the nasty reality. Because, however bad the dreams would have been, they were more than the legal, spiritual and material existence minimum anyway. Felt the musculature around the pit of my stomach still painfully. Resting on the hands, sat up. Let myself down from the bed.

The door opened. A companion of us went out. Trickling of water was audible. He came in with a wooden pole in the form of a T, with a wet floor cloth on it. In haste, mopped up the smooth cement floor.

“Come out to the program!” said the militiaman on duty.

Our companion took hold of the bucket almost full of urine, and we left the cell in a single rank.

“Double up!”

The lavatory and the toilet formed a single room. On the left, wash basins of old type, above each of them a faucet. On the right, a row of turkish toilets. I was surprised at them being divided only from one another.

In all certainty, we have to remain under the control of the militiaman in the most intimate moments as well — thought.

From the faucet, cold water ran. There was no soap to normally wash ourselves. There were neither towels to rub ourselves down; nor combs and mirrors to comb ourselves; nor shaving-sets to shave ourselves.

All having finished, the militiaman made a sign for us to go. We advanced in a slow double quick on the side of the doors. From behind some of them, could discern names, questions, messages. The door of our cell slammed behind us.

"Here, we must content ourselves with the relief and refreshment."

"Let us admit it as understandable that there is no hot water, since there is not even outside always and everywhere. But that one may not use handkerchief, they do not give toilet paper, one cannot lave properly, one may not shave himself, one cannot brush the teeth, all these are past all understanding."

"Oh, there are — and shall be — many things that cannot be understood here, but some explanation can just be given to those: from the handkerchief and towel, a hopeless arrested could spin a rope, with which he could hang himself ..."

"Or with which he could strangle a militiaman ..."

"On the soap, toilet paper and mirror, they should spend money ..."

"And on the paper, one could write ..."

"With the eyes of the comb, one could prick, maybe cut; the handle of the tooth-brush could also be sharpened; with a braking, the mirror could be changed into weapon as well, to say nothing of the blade ..."

"But, after all, what need for comb here, as they will give us a close crop; and for towel, as a wet face or hand dry of themselves as well ..."

"No matter! In a few days, they will carry us over to the penitentiary⁹², and there, one may keep soap, and towel, and toilet paper ..."

The wicket opened.

"How many people are you here?"

"Four."

They handed in a slab of brown bread each. At the army, i had already had opportunity to consume something of this kind. Outside, earlier the humans mostly bought this so-called bread of five lei only for swines. However, it was to my taste because of its particular aroma. Around this time, even this could not regularly be had any longer.

"They will immediately bring the coffee as well."

I am curious to see that "coffee" — thought.

From the corridor, a dull sound was heard at times; afterwards a bolt opening, a dipper sinking in liquid, and trickling. The milk appertained to the articles in short supply on a country-wide level. Marosvásárhely could be considered as being privileged from this point of view, with that those who were willing to get up at dawn, and stand in queue for a couple of hours, maybe got one or two liters of this foodstuff. The "coffee" can touched land in front of our door. With the mugs in the hands, we stood in queue.

I examined with attention the liquid handed in. In its color, it was like the russian tea. In its faint smell, like the roasted chicory. In its slight taste, likewise. No trace of sugariness might be felt.

I have nothing to do with this — thought. ... It has practically no nutri-

92 The prisons were officially named "penitentiaries". [In the romanian language: penitenciar.]

tive value, and it is an ideal medium for long-termly killing chemical substances.

“I will not drink ‘coffee’,” said i.

“Just put it aside, as we’ll drink it!”

14. The evil militiaman

According to the regulations, from the reveille to the taps it was not permitted having a lie down, but not even leaning back. It was allowed sitting on the edges of the lower beds. We could walk only one by one because of the tightness of the place. On finishing the breakfast, under the influence of the relative satiety and of the night sleep, all of us leant against the wall on the beds.

“Today, the evil militiaman is on duty.”

“In what does it manifest itself?”

“He continually deals with and molests us.”

“He cannot molest all.”

The wicket suddenly opened. The hard face of a lowered head made its appearance in it. My companions sat up hastily. With the left hand, i held the edge of the upper bed, and pulled myself up in a sitting position.

“Hallo there, i don’t catch you lying down any more! ... Get me?! ... I can’t hear it!”

“We have understood.”

With his piercing eyes, he scanned our faces. Holding our breadth, without a wince, we endured his sullen look. He closed the wicket.

“This has come over us promptly enough,” broke the dead silence.

“By turns, we should stand on watch at the door. If he comes nearer, then we’ll sit up.”

One of us went to the door, and began keeping listening. We lay back.

The snap of the bolt moved us to sit up again. The look of the militiaman had became frightfully stern.

“... Drop on your knees!” ordered he. “... So you remain!”

He slammed the wicket. We stood on our shins.

“Stand straight!” cried he.

We sat up. His removing steps sounded.

The great part of our weights burdened our knees. The hard and cold floor commenced to torture us. My abdominal muscles, tried around the pit of my stomach, kept my body straight with more and more difficulty.

We exchanged significant glances. Almost at the same time, let ourselves to the shins. The door-lock clanked. We sat up.

The militiaman stepped in. Only the patter of his shoes sounded. He halted. We petrifyingly waited for the worst: the blow of his fist, the whack of his truncheon, the kick of his foot.

“Hey, what did i say to you just now?!?” cried he nearly, with a hard voice. “... Ahem?! ... What have i said?! ... Don’t play with the fire, as i’ll ruin you!”

The smell of the mixture of his breathing and of cheap Cologne water assaulted our noses. He started towards the door. Getting to the corridor, turned round. Began examining our faces thoroughly.

We experienced moments seeming to be hours. Knew that even a face movement deemed by him as insolent would have provided a spark for his bursting. With an innocent look, we stared into the air.

15. Planning

I was walking to and fro. Could fill my motive needs on around 2 meters. In relation to my touring habit and frontierist quality — who marching leaves behind kilometers by tens — this proved to be a restricted space, and had to mostly turn round, but it was better than sitting permanently. My companions were taking a siesta lying on the beds.

I am locked up — was thinking — in fact, as well as in law, but feel free ... Am free from that many-sided and manifold restrictions, which is conditioned upon the active or passive support of the regime of the “hydra” ... Do not produce for it material goods; the reason why it is so much the poorer ... True, for a time past have been convinced of that it has never really needed my creative capacity in handball, chess, science and philosophy ... On the contrary, it has to bear the detention expenses; in this way it becomes still poorer ... Am no longer a participant in that forced sham raising the appearance of identification with its national-communist regime, which is necessitated by maintaining relations with its real and potential squealers and agents with the purpose of preventing its political ill-will ... Am no longer put to that political pressure and persecution hidden by production relations, which it had exerted with its agents infiltrated into enterprises on persons inconvenient for it ... Physically am locked up though, but spiritually am free as well, no one can keep my thoughts in bounds ... If it is true that they give the penalty to the place of work, then shall be liberated very soon ... Now, have every reason to translate into practice my earlier plan relative to surmounting the main obstacle being in my way, the notorious romanian-yugoslav frontier ... Since, can a frontier be more guarded, than it was on the bank of the Berettyó?! ... Since, vainly is my mother language the hungarian, if in the hungarian commu-

nist state, at around 10 kilometers from the frontier a child is capable of squealing to his squealer grandmother on a fact of which then even his ancestor wily and filled with experience of life did not convince herself ... Since, is it necessary for me to better get to know the territory of Yugoslavia so far as than my detailed map makes this possible?!⁹³ ... Since, does that surplus way of 100-200 kilometers count, of which making is needed by reaching the yugoslav-austrian frontier?! ... It costs more though, but the success is much more important than the money, and see a chance for the risk of failure to be lesser, as well as for the prospect of success to be greater in connection with Yugoslavia ... The lightning variant would not work any more, as the "hydra" already knows how i do it, and certainly it will prepare itself for that ... It cannot be done differently ... So, in order to get out of its control, have to march over to another railroad line ... And that takes days ... On the one part ... On the other part, beside the romanian-yugoslav frontier no more can afford that luxury, which now in this lightning variant i had and ventured to make, as it is not worth bearing a much greater risk ... This means that must get off the train outside of the frontier zone, and it shall take a few further days till marching approach the frontier ... Cannot repeat the negative experiences of touching Hencida in the romanian communist state either ... This is why it is indispensable for me to uninterruptedly spend several nights in the nature ... There is not much hope of it in this year, even if shall be released by the middle of october, as cannot see how could sleep around the freezing-point in the nature ... Besides, it would be risky to depart baldly, because baldness is an evident sign visible from far of the liberation from prison, and by so doing would just attract to myself in the unavoidable public places the militiamen wanting to produce professional accomplishments and to advance in grade ... Consequently, my departure is very likely to occur the soonest in the coming spring ... Have now the possibility of getting into a partnership with a frontierist more experienced than me ... But do i need his experiences, when with no experience crossed the frontier without a mistake, what is more in day-time and beside a watch-tower?! ... Furthermore, the romanian and the hungarian "hydras" would certainly use him to throw obstacles in front of the normal course of my illegal fleeing attempt ... But over and above these: in case of two persons the chance of the frontier guards for detection is twice greater; the actions must be unified, which is conditioned upon iron discipline and communication, and this means not only time consumption, but also voice emission and attention distraction; in unexpected situations the risk of thoughtlessly faulty actions is twice as great ... So, not only do not need association, but that would also have a pernicious effect on my illegal fleeing attempt!

93 When i was a student, i bought a touristic guide on Yugoslavia, which also comprises a detailed map.

16. The official questioning

The door opened.

“Adorján!” said the militiaman on duty. “... Come out! ... I’ll take you to the questioning.”

In the tight office, a militiaman of high grade sat. He proved to be a major.⁹⁴ His facial expression nearly made me forget that officially he represented the interests of a ferocious dictatorship. In front of his small table at around 2 meters, a chair stood by the wall. As compared to the attitude of the captain frontier guard in the hungarian communist state as well, that distance programed that the persons sitting on it did not rate as parties of the same rank as humans either.

“Good afternoon.”

“Good afternoon!” answered he, in a strikingly polite tone. “Seat yourself! ... Now, you have to give a verbal statement ... I’ll put it in writing, then after reading you’ll sign it ... Tell me, what reasons inclined you to cross the frontier illegally?”

“... My place of work did not equal the level of my professional qualifications.”

On his face, there took place such a change, which made it evident that his initial indifferent and polite manners were forced.

Such a thing cannot happen in a socialist country — read i it, written in his new facial expression also forced. Of him who alleges such a thing, there is something going wrong with his mind.

“Where have you been educated?” asked he, in a tone, as if he had been competent and able to solve this problem.

“At a faculty of chemical technology.”

“Where?”

“In Temesvár.”

“When?”

“In 1984.”

“... And which was the place of work that did not correspond to your qualifications?”

“The Maros County Enterprise of Production and Services.”

“... And why didn’t it correspond?!?”

“... Because i received almost no such tasks which would have meant translating into practice the knowledge obtained in the faculty.”

“... But no one gets already from the very start to the place of work convenient to him! ... You should have waited, patiently, and in the course of time everything would have cleared up ... What do you deal with in

94 Major Cristea. [Read approximately: 'kristeA.]

your spare time?!” asked he, in a suspicious tone, and began scanning my face.

“... I read ...”

“What do you read?”

“... For the last time, i read Somerset Maugham.”⁹⁵

“... What have you read from him?!” asked he, with a gesture expressing the hope of catching me in a lie.

“... Short stories.”

“... Do you like that writer?”

“Not particularly. But it was his book, which strayed into my hands.”

“... When did you decide to cross the frontier illegally?”

“... Before my departure.”

“... And what did you do?! ... You live far from the frontier ... Were you just up, and crossed the frontier?!” asked he, seemingly uncomprehendingly amazedly.

“... I had already worked out my plan earlier.”

“... How did you work it out?! ... You sat down to the table, took the map ...”

“Yes. I had bought a very detailed book of maps. On the basis of that, drew up my plan.”

“... And was it enough?! ... Didn’t you get in touch with anybody living next to the frontier?!”

“I have no acquaintances there.”

“And where did you plan to cross the frontier?”

“On the bank of the Berettyó.”

“And did you cross it there indeed?”

“Yes.”

“Why just there?! ... The frontier is 400 kilometers long ...”

“... I wanted to keep away from a possible fence.”

“... But apart from the Berettyó many rivers still intersect the frontier.”

“... Beside the Berettyó, there aren’t localities in the vicinity of the frontier.”

With a ball-pen, he began taking notes. It attracted my attention his quick, neat and legible handwriting.

“I’d have you know,” said he, and leaning forward a little, looked into my eyes warningly, “that on the hungarian-austrian frontier there are four fences ... If you manage to climb the first, the second, and the third ones, then the frontier guards shall catch you before the forth one ... One cannot go through there.”

95 In reality, i did not read him. I placed a short-story volume of his on my writing-table before the departure, with the purpose of misleading the Securitate. Namely, i knew that they might take advantage of the opportunity, and question also my parents about me. Which did happen: he asked my father of what sort of books i had been wont to read.

Why does he inform me so truly?! — raised the question to myself.

“I must still tell you: i informed your parents on your being at us ... Your father was at me ... I handed him over the money and the more valuable objects from your bag ... He’s a very honest man ... He came in to me crying ... They don’t deserve being put to such troubles.”

He held together the leaves written by him, and handed them towards me.

“Read it, please!”

“It isn’t necessary,” refused him. “I was looking at the writing.”

“Then sign, please!” said he, and at every page pointed at the first line following the text.

This is sharply contrary to the procedure applied by the frontier guard — was thinking — as while here there is no space between my statement and signature, in Bors i had to sign blank pages as well ... All these are manifestations of the ill-will of the “hydra”: on a blank before my signature, they can write in among others also such things at a later date, at a point of time conveniently chosen, which seemingly would writtenly justify acts committed against me.

17. The prison in Nagyvárad

At times, they put in new arrested. The old were again called, usually in a short time after questioning, and they did not return any more. My turn came around a week after my arrestation.

They took me out. Gave me a close crop. Shaved me. Took my finger-prints. Gave me the satchel. Together with a number of companions, they had me gotten on a militia van of a microbus size.

The door opened in the court of the prison. A person in a brown uniform made his appearance in front of us. The characteristic signs of captivity were not to be found on him: the baldness and the streakiness of the clothing.

“Come!” said he, in a contemptuous tone. “I’ll take you to the dump.”

We got out. I was struck by a view never experienced up to this time: the old block of buildings with three upper storeys appeared to be still roughly normal; but the windows impenetrable for eyes, with bars on them, the unclimbable fence walls, with barbed wire and an armed militiaman on them, produced a sorrowful effect. As if everything had been on a lower level on the scale of development compared to the experienced out-

side.⁹⁶

The objectual aspect of the interior of the building did not differ much from that of a barracks. And the individuals of its subjectual aspect as if had not even been humans. It seemed that with putting on the blue or prisoner uniform, something invisible had held back everything that was human in a human, and allowed or forced the getting to the surface of only alienation from human. All these irradiated a sinister and depressing mood.

The communist states' camp's romanian prison state's prison in Nagyvárad — thought. ... The small one is the model of the big one: the prison commander is the party secretary-general, the prisoners are the civil society, the prison fence is the frontier, the machine-pistolled militiamen are the frontier guards ... The small one is the ideal of the big one: the full enforcing of the will of the party, the entire elimination of the civil society, the hermetic closing of the frontier, the killing of the disobedient ... He who gets here is fully at the mercy of the "hydra", as a prisoner is not free from definition, he has to execute orders, and his escape is almost impossible ... And a political prisoner can only be liberated, if also the "hydra" so wants it ... As under color of and by the help of the institutionalized captivity, his freedom is taken off; under color of and by the help of labor, he can be forced to perform activities perilous for his physical integrity and deleterious to his health; prisoners making nothing of human values can be put on him, who, if not physically, then spiritually can annihilate him ... And all these within the law ... Let alone that the punishment of illegality is not indivisible in this national-communist state; and mainly when that is committed by a person of the authorities ... There is no fleeing the state model, the place of national secret political executions of the "hydra" ... This must be outlived.

18. The prisoner apparel

"Empty your bag!" said the dumper prisoner, in such a tone, as if he had been an evil militiaman. "... Take off your clothes! ... The shorts too! The socks may remain ... Take it!" said he, and threw in my hands a pair of specially tailored drawers made of white linen cloth. "Such are worn here! ... Take a shirt too!"

The garment without collar, in the nature of a pull-over, was made of the same cloth. I pulled it over me. Did up the button being under the neck.

A combination of undershirt and shirt — thought.

"You're tall ..."

⁹⁶ On the photo of the back cover, the prison looks essentially in like manner on 24 september 1998 at 13 hours or thereabouts from the courtyard of the judiciary as at that time.

He turned aside. From the heaps of clothes being by him, took a pair of pants and a coat. Threw them to me.

“Put on those too!”

Longitudinal light gray and white streaks made them unmistakable with the civilian clothes. The pants hardly stood on me, and their length was shorter than the normal one. The coat suited my sizes, but its buttons differed from one another.

This apparel is not only sinister, but also ridiculous — thought.

“Take a cap, and come to give you brogues too!”

On a round streaky cloth, a similar textile band around 5 centimeters wide was sewn perpendicularly. Spread it over my head.

“Take it, try these on! ... What’s up, won’t they go on?! ... Here you are these ones! But they’re the largest.

I could just put on them. They pinched mildly, my big toes touched their ones.

It can be endured — thought.

“Put your things into the bag! ... What shan’t go in, roll up, and fasten it to the handle! ... Well! That shall stay in the dump ... Now come to finish with you once already! ... Here you are two rugs, a sheet, a pillow-case, and a mug! ... Post yourself there, and wait!”

19. Evening program in the small room

A prisoner in brown uniform took us up to the third upper storey of a building. The militiaman on duty there lead us farther on a long and wide arcaded corridor. On the right and on the left, thick wooden doors painted dark brown were set in order. He halted at the one number 32, and opened it.

“Citizen,”⁹⁷ came out a smiling voice, “i was just about to think that you will leave me alone here.”

“I haven’t forgotten you, Dragoş⁹⁸,” said the militiaman, and with the same wrench opened the barred door as well.

“Go in!” said he.

“Then, don’t forget me at supper-time either: tell that cook not to be so stingy when coming to the room 32!”

“That’s right, Dragoş, i’ll tell him.”

⁹⁷ This address had to replace the formula “comrade”, as for ideological motives the henchmen of the communist regime could not concede the prisoners as being their comrades, and they qualified the address “mister”, used in unofficial circles, as being old-fashioned, a “capitalist” remnant, and probably indign as well.

⁹⁸ Read approximately: ‘dragoʃ’.

The door of the room of around 3×2.5 meters shut at the left end of its long side. In front of it, a window. The walls were lime-washed white. On the right, a faience wash basin, with one faucet. Above it, a little bracket. On it, books and a chessboard. Farther, in the corner, the closet of a toilet. On the left, parallel with the long side, two iron beds put one on the other, tidily covered with linen and blue rugs. Beside them, a small wooden form.

The doors slammed. The smiling face swung towards me. It was sharply contrary to the hard, sullen, inhuman features seen up to this time. He was not the general human manifestation of the romanian national-communist regime.

“Hello!” said he, and held out his hand. “I’m Vasile⁹⁹ DRAGOŞ.”

“I’m István ADORJÁN.”

“Where’re you from?”

“From Marosvásárhely.”

“I’m from Bihar¹⁰⁰ ... From Berettyószéplak¹⁰¹ ... You know it, don’t you?”

“From the map.”

“What are you with?”

“With frontier crossing.”

“O, never mind! You’ll go to the place of work ... So far, every frontierist has gotten it to the place of work ...”

“And what about you?”

“I’m with frontier-crossing attempt ... That’s, i took away some wheat from the coop¹⁰². Then, it got out. They were to arrest me. Then, i thought that would try shaking off the imprisonment, they give less for frontier than for stealing anyway, and they convict of both though, only the greater sentence has to be served. So that, it was the same to me ... I took the bag, put in it a few articles of clothes, a bread, a piece of bacon, and went to the frontier ... I hitchhiked as far as a village. Then was going along on the dike of the Berettyó ... It was already dark, when someone shouted at me to halt. Then, i was already caught ... Yet, it had been good to get as far as Austria ... My brother is in America ... In a few months, i’d have been at him ... Now that it so happened, i’m here in the penitentiary ... After all, i’ve already been shut up ... I’m recidivist ... Know everyone, and already everyone knows me here ...”

“Did the frontier guards beat you?”

“No. I got on well with them ... And how did it happen with you? De-

99 Read approximately: va 'sile.

100 County name. The persons coming from villages regularly supplied the name of the county for an answer to this question.

101 Read approximately: 'berettyo:se:plok. In the romanian language: Suplacu de Barcău. Village in a straight line at around 40 kilometers from the frontier.

102 Agricultural cultivating cooperative.

spite your life in Marosvásárhely, you managed to cross the frontier!?”

“... Vainly lives one in the proximity of the frontier, if he has no reason, determination, self-confidence and pluck for illegally leaving the country ... I live in the core of Romania, but had all these ... And took the map, got to know the frontier terrain, and decided to cross, just like you, on the bank of the Berettyó ... Got on train, and got off in Biharfélégyháza ... Went to the bank of the Berettyó, and turned towards the frontier ...”

“In the night?”

“No. In the forenoon ... Then, i observed a watch-tower beside the dike ... Had to make use of creeping as well ... Later, crawled in a brushwood, till had to stop before a bare terrain ... Waited for the frontier guards to abandon the watch-tower, and went across.”

“... All went like clockwork for you here ... How’s that you were caught there?!”

“My purpose was to go as far as Berettyóújfalu, and to get on train there ... Between the dikes, i removed myself from the frontier, then for a shortening turned towards the town ... Having cut across a meadow, then a maize-field, i reached the Berettyó again, and proceeded on my way along it ... On its other side lay the second village; had passed by the first one on the meadow ... Being very thirsty, went for water ... Asked for information at a youngster ... Nevertheless, he apprised his grandmother, who then squealed me over telephone ... Before the following village, a policeman captured me.”

“... I’m surprised at your going for water into the village.”

“Why are you surprised?”

“As it was there, close to you!”

“... It did not even occur to me to drink from the Berettyó ... It did not flow; it stood, as if had been a lake; it was full of duckweed and other water-plants; flies flitted over it ... But it is a fact that you are right: it had been better for me to drink from the Berettyó.”

“... Don’t bother! You’ll be shortly liberated, then you’ll be able to go again ... The second time, you won’t make a mistake ... Will you still try it?”

“... After this, i shall certainly not receive a better place of work.”

“What’s your occupation?”

“Engineer.”

“... Engineer?! ... I’ve never met an engineer in the penitentiary ... And haven’t heard of an engineer to get into penitentiary ...”

The wicket opened.

“Come to the samp!”

“Just a moment!” said Vasile.

From his folded rug, he drew forth a newspaper leaf, and going to-

wards the door, he opened it.

“How many people are you there?”

“Two.”

Two pieces of cubiform samps were handed in. Their side length was around half a span. He placed them on the newsprint on the form.

“Meal’s coming,” said he, happily. “... This is the most pleasant moment in the penitentiary.”

“It cannot be pleasant that happiness which is caused by a piece of samp.”

“Then, i’ll say it again: this is the least bad moment.”

“Take the dishes and the cutlery!” came in the new call on the wicket.

The shallow plates were made of aluminum, just like the mugs. From below the worn-out tin layer of the spoon, there showed a blackness referring to a ferro-alloy, appearance which was corroborated by its touch.

“Will they not give forks here either?” asked i.

“No. Those’re qualified thrusting weapons here too ... But generally, meal is so washy that it could hardly be eaten up with a fork.”

The noise already experienced in the station house of the militia struck my ear: a pop in front of the door. The bolt snapped as well.

“Come to the meal!”

The cook prisoner put a dipperful of it into the plates. It was potato dish. We sat down on the form. I picked into it with the spoon.

“Look at that,” was i saying, “have discovered a bit of bacon ... This cannot be so bad.”

“At times, you may find greater bits of meat in it.”

“Ahem! It is eatable ... Moreover, it’s much better than that given in the army ... There, in a limpid and acrid fluid, a number of bits of potatoes constituted this meal ... Several times, i caught gastritis from it.”

“You won’t certainly get ill from this ... So far, no one has complained because of the meal ... Actually, the trouble is that they give too little.”

“A hungry human does not pick and choose ... Can you receive parcel here?”

“In a month, once 5 kilos ... While you’re in remand ... And after conviction, it changes.”

“How?”

“It depends on whether you’re recidivist or not, you work or not, you’re punished or not ... I’ll put aside a part of the samp for the morning ... Then, they give jam, and i like that better with samp than with bread.”

“How much bread do they give here?”

“125 grams.”

“Then, around so much than in the station house.”

“The same quantity. There, meal is carried from here.”

He packed up the leftover samp in the newsprint. Put it under his pil-

low.

“Just tell me, who are those in brown uniform?”

“They’re the free.”

“... Free detainees¹⁰³?!”

“Free here in the penitentiary: they assist the wardens, and watch over common detainees.”

“And who can be a ‘free’?”

“Usually, they’re chosen from the ranks of the detainees with great penalties, as you can deserve that status only in much time.”

“Come,” was Vasile saying, “to show you how the sheet has to be laid on the mattress ... You make a knot in one of its corners ... Thus. Then, you make a similar knot in all of its corners ... Thus. You put one of its ends under one of the ends of the mattress ... Thus. And the other under the other one ... Thus! Usually’n such cases, it stretches well, it is smooth. If not, then you make the knots insider ... And finally, you also put its sides under the mattress ... Thus. Well, now i’ll pull up the pillow-case. This isn’t difficult ... Thus. And now, I’ll show you how the rug has to be folded up ... You fold it in half lengthways ... Thus. Afterwards, once more in half lengthways. ... Thus. Well, now you place it on the middle of the bed, but so that the militiamen cannot see the hems ... Thus. You stand the pillow on its end farther from the door ... Thus. You fold up the other one again under it to have room on the bed ... Thus. And the second one first lengthways in half, afterwards twice broadways in half ... Thus. And you put in on the end of the bed ... Thus. And it’s ready.

“Thank you very much, but i hope very much that shall not make use of these knowledge a long time.”

“... I hope too.”

“Preparations for line-up!” sounded the call from the corridor.

“But what on earth is that?!” asked i.

“They come, and count us ... A new warden enters the relief, and the former one has to hand us over ... This time, everything has to show faultless ... Above all, we’ve to clean: to sweep and wash up the floor ... How shall we do it?”

“... You’ll sweep up, and i’ll scrub it. And tomorrow, in a reverse order ... Shall it be right so?”

“Right.”

From the toilet, he brought out a broom and a cloth. Handed me over the cloth. In the wash basin, i flushed it out. Began scrubbing the cement, where my fellow-prisoner had already finished.

103 The prisoners were officially called “detainees”. [In the romanian language: deținut.]

"It's good for you," was Vasile saying, "as with your long arms you can reach in off under the bed ... Well ... Let's still pour in a few mugs of water in the toilet, and that's flat! If they look into it, they shall see our dealing with also it ... Thus."

"Line-up!"

"What does that mean?"

"That they begin counting ... And now, let's still quickly arrange the beds!"

"What do we still have to set in order on them?"

"Many ... The demands are great here ... The sheets have to look fully smooth ... Their tips mustn't show from under the beds ... The pillows have to be put in order, and to be smoothed out ... The rugs too ... And after all these, there follow the clothes: the cap has to be taken off and held in the left hand, every button has to be done up, the brogues have to be laced and cleaned.

From the corridor, there infiltrated more and more intense voices.

"They're coming near," said Vasile. "Take your cap off, and swing towards the wall! ... I'll give the report."

Between the toilet and the beds, i gazed at the wall. Numbers, letters, words and holdovers of words painted down with lime spread hard-to-solve messages from the past.

How many political prisoners could in their desperation incise in this wall their messages addressed in the course of the communist decades to the unpredictable future for inheritances to those — was raising the question to myself — who will be willing to bring these to the knowledge of the public opinion, to record them, and to call to at least moral account the true criminals having committed crimes against the general human values?

The unmistakable noise of door opening broke the silence. Two pairs of shoes pattered into.

"Attention!" said Vasile, in a slightly raised voice. "Citizen sergeant, the room 32 with an effective of two detainees is holding the evening line-up. Detainee Vasile DRAGOȘ reporting."

"... Problems?"

"There aren't, citizen."

The doors slammed.

"These are the heaviest moments," said Vasile, in an undertone.

"... I have expected on worse."

"In what respect?"

"So generally speaking ... I heard nothing of this though, i imagined the conditions in the penitentiary to be worse."

"There're penitentiaries in the country, where they're worse than here."

“Since if we make a comparison between the military-service conditions and the penitentiary conditions, we can establish many analogies: the footwear, the drawers, the bed, the mattress, the linen, the room, the tidiness and the discipline, all are essentially the same ... What differ: the shirt is collarless, and there is only one button on it ...“

“Many times, there isn’t even one ...”

“The uniform is streaky ... The cap cannot be pulled over the ears ... The orders are given not by khaki-, but by blue-uniformists ...”

“Line-up is free!” sounded through the door.

“What is still free here?!”

“The line-up ... The line-up has ended.”

“... O, yes ... Let’s continue! ... The rubber truncheon indicates that the militiamen do not only talk, do they?”

“Many people are beaten ... I speak in general, not only about Nagyvárad ... Many times, bawling can be heard on the corridor.”

“... Do you know about political prisoners?”

“Since ’65, there’s no one ... Officially ... You know, when Ceaușescu came to power, they were set free¹⁰⁴ ... He granted amnesty ... And changed the penal code ... And in the new one, there aren’t political infractions any longer ... Otherwise, also now it’s said that it shall change again ...“

The wicket opened.

“Take the press!”

Vasile went for it. He came back with two newspapers.

“A Scînteia¹⁰⁵ and a România liberă,” said he, and threw them on the bed.

“They are birds of a feather ... But still it is better than nothing ... You have hinted at that there would be also political prisoners inside ...“

“Yes ... In reality, there’re ... You know, they’re brought here with infractions involving moral turpitude: defalcation, possession of currency, and last but not least frontier crossing ...”

“Does it mean that those who are ‘dangerous’ only politically are outside?”

“Not a bit ... If they haven’t committed infractions involving moral turpitude, they are charged with such offences.”

“... But how can the frontier crossing be imputed to someone, who has not crossed the frontier?!”

“... The attempt can be imputed to him: if traveling towards the frontier, or being near it, they have him identified, and say that he wanted to run away ... And the frontier crossing isn’t imputed, but brought about:

104 The majority of the political prisoners were set at liberty in parts between 1962 and 1964. [18]

105 Read approximately: skin 'teyΔ. In the english language: The Spark. The country-wide daily paper of the Central Committee of the Romanian Communist Party.

they don't let him abroad, or don't grant him an emigration visa, or apply different pressures on him."

"... And what in the case of defalcation?"

"If inclined to that infraction, then they have him walked in the snare woven by them ... Otherwise, on the basis of a scenario, they produce false evidences, make false witnesses speak, and there're still many other methods we don't know about."

"... It's terrifying ... Let's continue enumerating differences ... In the penitentiary, the doors and windows are barred ... The doors do not have handles on the inside ... The light is left day and night ... The line-up is kept in the rooms ..."

"Here, one can hold by him neither paper, nor pencil, nor needle, nor thread, nor many other things ..."

"All these differences are negative. But there is a positive one as well: the toilet is not common."

"Yes, but this has a negative point too: it's in vain sterilized with chlorine every morning, if not toilet stench, then chlorine stench is there in the room."

"Preparations for taps!"

"Well, at length!" said Vasile. "... It shall immediately be ten hours ... Now, we'll wash the teeth and feet, make the beds, took off the clothes, and go to roost!"

"I will brush my teeth at some other time ... Tell me, how can you get at tooth-brush and tooth-paste here!"

"You have three possibilities: buy them, as well as get them in a parcel, or on the occasion of a visit."

"I cannot receive them from outside, because even if my folks know where i am, they don't know these possibilities. And i cannot buy them, because have no money."

"... Let me show you how the clothes have to be placed on the form! ... We must be careful, as the wardens look into at night too ... First, you fold the pants in half lengthways and afterwards in half broadways twice ... Thus. This comes below ... On this, you put the coat, which you have gathered up like a shirt ... They have to look as orderly as possible ... Thus. And on this, you lay the cap."

My attention turned to the books. They were of small dimensions and of the same format. Stood well arranged one after the other on the bracket. Some of them were lacking in the yellow wrappers more or less thumbbed.

"What kind of books are those?"

"Re-educational books ... They're of the penitentiary."

"May you have your own books?"

"You can get them in the same way as the toothbrush and the tooth-

paste. But first, the educator has to check them.”

“Why?”

“To see whether they comply with the requirements of the re-education or not.”

“And what if he judges that they do not comply?”

“Then, they’ll keep them in stock, then you’ll get them on liberation.”

Above the door, there was fixed up a loudspeaker.

“Just look at that, we may be in touch with the outside world even through radio waves! May not we?”

“Yes. But only in the morning and at noon ... And they give only Bucharest 1 ... On sunday, they’re wont to transmit also light music from here the penitentiary.”

I undid the rugs. Spread one on the other. Climbed the bed. Got under the covering, and stretched myself out.

“It is an uplifting moment.”

“There is something pleasant in the penitentiary after all, isn’t there?”

“Yes, the pleasure of eating and sleeping ... But beware of that life, in which food and bed give the maximum of the pleasure!”

“Taps!”

I rolled sideways, and pulled the upper rug on my head, in order to get rid of the disturbing light, and to escape to the world of dreams.

20. The “re-education”

I was sitting on the form, and examining the books. One tried to influence the prisoners in a relatively positive direction with the science of psychology. Another acquainted with the rights fixed in the constitution. A third one contained seemingly authentic stories about such former prisoners who in consequence of the re-education applied in the prison had become “worthy” citizens of the romanian communist state. The authors were all militiamen of high grade.

Everything would be in order — was thinking — if the words of the constitution were supported by a magnificent social practice and world-standard economic realizations ... But behind the seemingly good and humane lines, the romanian “hydra”, had occulted an outlawed society reduced to poverty ... And while it ordains the necessity of the state monopoly of the means of production, the performance of the communist economy is far backward of the performance of the “capitalist” economy ... And if this is how the state looks, then the humans embodying it cannot be better either — all honor to the exceptions ... And now take into consider-

ation those who appropriated, so those who rate as criminals also according to the penal code of a state possessing a successful constitution ... My conviction is that a part of those criminals fell into depravity as a result of the poverty and the lack of economic liberty, namely of the economic futurelessness ... Therefore, there have no moral right to re-educate such persons who represent that state, who transfer into practice the constitution and the laws of that state, which has brought about not only the existence of the national secret political prisoners, but also that of a part of the criminals having committed crimes involving moral turpitude ... They forgot to remark — and how they would have done it — that their books were addressed to only those prisoners who do not feel victims of the romanian communist state.

21. The medical examination

The door opened.

“Medical examination!” said the militiaman on duty. “Dragoș, you have already been there, haven’t you?”

“Yes, citizen,” answered Vasile, with his specifically smiling face. “I’m in the pink of health. I don’t make problems for you.”

“You haven’t been, Adorján!? ... Well, come!”

On the corridor, several were gathering two deep. The militiaman took out prisoners from other rooms as well.

“Take them down in front of the consulting room!” spoke he to a “free”.

A person in white coat came out.

“Undress to the waist! ... You’ll get an injection.”

I was not afraid of that medical operation though, a chill came over me.

On the score of a vaccine, they can introduce anything into the organism of an inconvenient person — thought. ... Chemical, radioactive and biological substances ... If the effect of those is of longer term, then the responsibility cannot even morally be thrown upon them.

I took off the coat. Pulled down the shirt. Looked at the region of the pit of my stomach. It was greenish-yellow. Around it, still a number of mottles of the same color, but smaller. Touched it. It still reacted slightly with sensitivity.

“Hello!”

Cast up my look. From behind the commonness of the baldness and streakiness, my companion in distress from Kolozsvár smiled at me.

“Hello! ... I can hardly recognize you.”

"That's mutual," said he, and his face assumed a stern complexion.
"Does it still ache?"

"Yes ... But it is on the way to recovery."

"Show it to the doctor!"

I could see by the look of him that he would still have liked to say something, but the precaution hindered him.

Here is the chance for you to riposte — read it written on his face, and gathered from his intonation. Don't let the butchers get off!

Even if i were a militiaman, a prosecutor or a judge — was thinking — i would not be in a position to riposte, could not call them to account, as here the official, moreover mostly also the civilian actions are possible only in one direction.

The doctor got to me.

"Have you ever suffered from infectious diseases?"

"No."

"Have you ever had more serious health problems?"

"No."

"Now, do you have?"

"... The frontier guards have beaten me," said i, hesitating.

He looked into my eyes a little astonished and uncomprehendingly.

"... Does it hurt you anywhere?"

I showed him the mottles on the pit of my stomach. He looked at and palpated them mildly.

"Oh, that's nothing," said he, like one wanting to work off a point of a great nicety as soon as possible, and moved farther.

22. The sarsana¹⁰⁶

Sunday. As if the habitual weekday atmosphere had changed, making me feel the institution depriving of liberty and rights not having been able to completely divest even itself of the traditions of the civil life.

"Today, we'll have an easier day," said Vasile. "... We don't have to stand or have trouble with the form so much ... They don't put us to study the books ... Today, we have administrative program ... Can you play chess?"

"Yes."

"Then, i'll ask pieces ... After the dinner, there shall be the big cleaning. And afterwards till the line-up, we may lie down, or even sleep ..."

106 It is a literal adaptation of the word of the romanian prisoner slang "sarsana". [Read approximately: sArsa 'nΛ.]

"In what does the big cleaning differ from the everyday cleaning?"

"Not in much things. It's merely that we still have to dust the room, to rub the bars with gas oil ..."

The door opened. The militiaman on duty made his appearance in it.

"Take the needles and the thread! ... Two needles and one thread ... Dragoş, you'll be responsible for them! ... Take the postal cards as well! ... And two pencils! ... Thus: you mustn't write anything about the penitentiary, anything about the proceedings!; i'm fine; send me this and this!; i greet that and that."

"Citizen!" said Vasile. "Would you mind bringing us chess-pieces, because they're missing from this room!"

"That's right, Dragoş, I'll fetch them."

The pencil was so small that i had to take tight hold of it with the finger pads. Drew the letters like in my first-class days.

"You, Vasile! What about that visit and parcel?"

"While you haven't been convicted, each month you may have one visit. At that time, you may get 5 kilos of foodstuffs and 2 kilos of effects. Yet, those may also be sent in parcels, if you haven't been visited.

"What is that 'effects'?"

"Soap, toothpaste, towel, pull-over, flannelette ..."

"And in case of the parcel, does its weight relate to the whole parcel or only to its content?"

"In the post-office has one to have at the maximum 5 kilos, and the other at the maximum 2 kilos ... But some food may be put also among the effects, because generally they don't take it away ... And still write that they send also a sarsana for you to have something to put your things into!"

"What is that sarsana?"

"It's a small bag."

"What textile is it made of?"

"Of white cloth ... Like a pillow-case."

"And what does it look like?"

"... Like a pillow-case exactly ... But a string is sewn on, to allow it to be bound up."

23. Parcel from outside

I stood with the elbows rested on the bed, and looked out through the window. The lamellas of the shade were directed upwards, so that even above the lowest one could see only the tops of some distant high build-

ings. The sun was shining. His light filtered in through the slits, and made me forget that it was already in the second half of october.

“Listen, engineer! ... Have you ever been legally abroad?”

“Yes ... In '82, was in Hungary and Czechoslovakia.”

“... And then why didn't you try to escape over to Austria?”

“Because i was a student ... Wanted to graduate from the faculty.”

“... And now wouldn't it have been easier for you to go with passport to Hungary, and from there to try to get illegally to Austria?”

“... Theoretically, it is so; but practically i could not ask for a passport.”

“Why?”

“Because you may hand in an application for a passport, only when at the place of work your travel abroad has already been assented ... And this firstly depends on the currency amount of your enterprise, which in my case was much smaller than the needs ... So that i should have had to wait for years to be my turn ... To say nothing of that it was not all about a simple standing in line: as you know that on the ‘party line’, with the help of an acquaintance or money you can arrange many things.”

“... And in '82 how did you arrange it?”

“... The assent of the faculty did not depend on a currency amount.”

“... Have you ever tried to go for good legally?”

“... Not once.”

“Or?”

“First, i would have liked to emigrate to America ... At the embassy, i was not granted a visa, and at the passport office, was not allowed to make an application for emigration ... Secondly, would have liked to ask for political asylum in West-Germany, after having received an invitation for a scientific seminary ... However, the party organization of the enterprise did not permit my participation ... In this way, could not petition an exit visa that time either ... So, did not have even the practical possibility for a legal leaving ... Let alone that even if i were able apply for it, even then the passport granting would be questionable ... And it is not all one either, in how much time i shall go away ... Now, departed from Marosvásárhely on friday, and on monday could already have been in Austria.”

“... Well, but you must take into consideration that instead of Austria you've gotten in the penitentiary, and they have beaten you on the frontier, or could have even shot you ... Is it worth to you risking your liberty, health and life?”

“When departed, i did not even think of penitentiary, beating and death ... Was convinced that would get to Austria ... And as the facts prove, it was only up to me that was captured.”

“... Do you have relatives abroad?”

“Then, i could have asked for an emigration visa under the pretext of

family reunification.”

“Don’t you have acquaintances either?”

“... A saxon family, former co-workers of my parents. They have emigrated to Germany not long ago.”

“... Are you married?”

“No.”

“Then, why don’t you too ask your acquaintances to find there a wife for you too?”

“... You see, i have not even think of that ... Was too much sure of myself ... But it is never late for me to try ... When will they already convict me?!”

“First, you’ll have to get the indictment ... Then, they’ll cite you for the trial.”

“And how much time do all those take?”

“A few weeks, even months as well ... It depends on how knobby your case is ... For the frontierists, it generally goes promptly.”

The door opened.

“Adorján! ... Come to the parcel!”

All at once, i was filled with happiness and enthusiasm. In the legs, languish up to this time, there suddenly flowed a great quantity of energy. Had to bridle myself in order not to go out of the room rushing. Joined the queue waiting at the end of the corridor.

At last, i shall have also other relations with the outside world than looking at the sky and the tops, reading and listening to the censored news — thought. ... The fact that have a parcel is a good sign: it confirms that shall go to Marosvásárhely soon.

The group was characterized by an elate atmosphere. The more or less disguisedly merry faces, the tone of the hushed conversation, the lively motion, all prevailed over the gloomily dominating average.

“Adorján!” called me the militiaman being behind the counter.

“Yes!”

“You have 5 kilograms of foodstuffs and 2 kilograms of effects.”

He put the parcels in front of me. With a knife, he unpacked them. He took out the things one by one, controlled them, and afterwards gave them to me: roasted meat, tinned fish, bacon, cakes, biscuits, apples; soap-holder, toilet paper, handkerchiefs, towels, flannel undershirt and underpants, other underwear, the sarsana, and finally three books.

“For the moment, the books shall rest here,” said the militiaman. “... You’ll get them later ... Sign that you have taken over the parcels!”

24. The hunger-striking prisoner

The door opened. They put in a prisoner having lost weight almost to the bone.

“Take a seat!” said Vasile. “... But what’s the matter with you?!”

“I’ve now stepped out of the hunger-strike ... They cannot take me out to work yet ... This is why they have brought me here till the afternoon.”

“What are you with?”

“With stealing.”

“But why did you make a hunger-strike?”

“Since they keep delaying my proceedings gratuitously.”

“And have you lodged a complaint for the prosecution?”

“No ... Here in the penitentiary, i reported on it several times.”

“These aren’t authorized to act in such a matter ... You’d have addressed a written complaint to the prosecution.”

“I’ve now talked with the lawyer ... He was who talked me out of the hunger-strike, and told me that he would see about it ... I hope he’ll settle it ...”

“And how many days were you on hunger-strike?”

“Twenty.”

“Around ten days were still left for you ... Will you die?! ... Leave it to the devil, as the time passes from your penalty anyway! ... The sooner you’ll be liberated after conviction.”

What shall i do? — raised the question to myself. ... Here is a fleshless, starved person wanting to recuperate; and i have a few kilograms of strong food ... Now, put aside the question: is it accidental that they have put in him just here, and just after my having received a parcel? ... The essential problem is the following: is it my moral obligation to make over him even the whole sarsana of foodstuffs? ... On the one part, his state is not a consequence of an external compulsion, but of his own understanding and will ... On the other part, do not know at all either him, or his deed, for which he has fallen in prison ... Now, consider the positive extreme: he belongs to that category of humans, which more or less openly, but by direct means have taken up the fight with the communist regime of the romanian “hydra”, and in reality he is a political persecutee and prisoner ... In this case, i would feel the moral obligation to give him all the foods ... But — taking into consideration my principle that around me everyone may be squealer or agent — not even then could give them to him, as with my solidarity could show my true character, and could be put to a still worse will of the Securitate ... And if he is a criminal having committed a crime involving moral turpitude, then i cannot be at one with him ... Consequently, by politeness, by the community of our circumstances, will help him as well, just like Vasile.

25. The frontierist couple

The wicket opened.

“Adorján! ... Make yourself ready for moving off! ... Bring the bed-linen and the rugs as well!”

Mixed feelings overcame me. On the one part, i rejoiced at the breaking of the everyday monotony and the getting-started of the events. On the other part, there recurred to my mind the experiences of the first day; felt a mild fear and aversion.

Vasile was a good fellow-prisoner — thought. ... He is recidivist, so that he shall still spend probably years in prison ... For him, the civil food is much more precious than for me ... I do not like bacon, and do not stand in need of it after all, as they will very soon set me at liberty ... Will leave him the one seasoned with paprika.

“You, Vasile! If predictions come true, i shall shortly be liberated. And you shall still stay here who knows how much time ... Will leave you a piece of bacon.”

“It’s a fact that i have no chance to go to the place of work, since both am recidivist, and my main deed is not frontier.”

The door opened.

“Come, Adorján!”

“Then, mind what are you about!” said Vasile. “Don’t you go into a village for water any more!”

“But first i get away from here, then shall have time to think about that. Wish you the best of everything!”

“All the best!”

Along with a number of fellow-prisoners, i arrived at the third upper storey of another building. Two prisoners were polishing the cement floor sliding on dry cloths. The militiaman on duty opened the door of a room at the end of the corridor.

“Attention!” cried a robust prisoner appearing behind the bars, in a romanian language with hungarian accent.

An immense place burst upon our eyes. It was illumined by neon tubes. In the interspace limited by the rows of triple beds on the right and the left sides, there stood a populous group of prisoners. They looked towards the door. Under their baldness of different degree, could observe a varied range of faces.

They only partly resemble the faces visible in the street — established. ... I am sinking in the prisoner life.

“Room chief!” said the militiaman.

“At your service!” answered the robust prisoner.

"Here you are these prisoners. Place them in the room!"

"Understood, citizen!"

The doors slammed behind us. My negative feelings did not diminish. In addition, the getting all at once from a small room into a large room, the taking suddenly the place of one room companion by many room companions brought about uncertainty in me. The prisoners sat back on the small forms placed on the two sides of the interspace, or went in between the beds.

"Come!" said the room chief. "I'll give you beds."

Touching one another by twos, the columns of three beds formed blocks. As we advanced ahead, the room chief looked to the right and to the left.

"You go there!" said he to one of the prisoners, as he caught sight of an empty place. "... You climb up there!" said he to me, while pointing up the last deck of the second column of the third block on the left side. "... Make the bed, and get down!"

I approached the little interspace of a width of a human. A few prisoners were sitting on both sides on the edges of the lower beds. Their more or less smiling faces signified goodwill and compassion. They made way for me to be able to enter.

"Where could i place the sarsana?" asked.

"Under the bed."

I bent. Nearer the wall, several sasanans and plastic shopping bags were set in order. Put it next to them. Threw up the bed-linen and the rugs. Took off the brogues. Climbed the bed.

Because of the nearness of the ceiling, i could not stand up, remained kneeled. Cast my eyes around. Above the plane of the upper decks, lime showed white. On the wall opposite to the door, a large window. The faint light being reflected from the interior exterior of the building flowed in through it. Behind it, bars crossed one another. Vainly searched within the squares: neither mites of the sky and the town were visible.

Let myself down. Went out to the large interspace. Looked round. The majority of the prisoners were talking, but there were lonely ones as well. In two places, they played chess. The atmosphere seemed to be rather calm. Somewhat i began to get acclimatized to the new surroundings. Glimpsed my companion in distress from Kolozsvár, as he was coming nearer to me.

"Hello!" said he.

"Hello!"

"This is one of the rooms of the arrested under remand! ... They are brought here, who have already gotten the indictment, but aren't yet convicted ... We'll go to the place of work."

“Why are you so sure of that?”

“As all frontierists get it to the place of work ... The other day as well, some were liberated ... There is one more frontierist here ... Come to present you! ... Interchange your experiences!”

In the right rear corner, the closets of two toilets were visible side by side. In front of them, a vacant space. Small groups stood about on it. During smoking, they conversed.

Our new companion in distress belonged to the saxon german ethnical community, and lived in Nagyszeben¹⁰⁷.

“I did not think,” was i saying, “that so much of us aimed at the romanian-hungarian frontier.”

“Indeed! Only here, we have come together three ... But there’re still others inside as well ... My wife also is here.”

“Did you try with your wife?! ... Stupefying! ... Even for a man the illegal fleeing is a stiff trial, to say nothing of a woman! ... How did it happen?”

“... We got off the train in Nagyszalonta¹⁰⁸ ... Our plan was to cross the frontier in the night ... Went out of the town, and hid ourselves in the field ... After dark, lifted the bags on to our backs, and set off ... Shortly after, it turned out that in the night we could hardly cope with the difficulties of the terrain ... Additionally, it was raining as well! ... We weren’t able to properly keep the direction either, because often had to go round about smaller or larger obstacles coming out ... This is why we had to much use the pocket-lamps ... We were hanging about for hours, till observed that frontier guards were coming nearer towards us.”

26. Morning program in the large room

The still of the night was broken by an intense sound of bell from the corridor.

“Reveille!” sounded the voice of the room chief.

It was 5 hours. On the top beds, the majority of the prisoners stood up, others began to bestir themselves, and some remained immovably. The one sleeping under me jumped down, making the block vibrate.

“Hallo there!” cried the room chief. “Are you deaf?! ... Get out of the bed!”

This is not addressed to the upper ones — thought. ... We do not have

107 Read approximately: 'nögyseben. In the romanian language: Sibiu. Big town in a straight line at around 240 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

108 Read approximately: 'nogysolonto. In the romanian language: Salonta. Small town in a straight line at around 6 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

to get down, as should anyway climb back to make the beds.

I folded up the rugs. Placed them roughly in the required manner.

Stepped down on the edge of the middle bed. Smoothed out all the surfaces, as far as could.

From the lower bed, stepped into my brogues. Shuffled out to the margin of the large interspace. Stepped over the form, and in front of my prisoner clothes gathered up soldier-likely, began dressing.

Resting my elbows on the knees, letting my head in the hands, tried to have a nap on the form.

“Come to the bread!” came in a loud voice, through the wicket.

The robust assistant of the room chief trudged to there. Together with the cook prisoner, he counted the brown breads handed in, while put them on the table.

“Is that right?”

“That’s right.”

“Here you are the knives too.”

The wicket closed. The assistant began cutting the breads.

The room chief and his assistant had allegedly been apprehended with the accusation of murder. One could see from not only their stature, but also from some of their manifestations that under certain circumstances they were able and inclined to commit that crime. First, the assistant halved, afterwards halved the halves, and finally he halved also the quarters.

“Come to the cheereek¹⁰⁹!” cried he, after having finished it.

In front of the table, a long queue came into being alongside the interspace. We took the ration of bread one by one under the attentive control of the room chief.

“Hallo there, has everyone taken your bread?” cried he, after the disappearance of the queue.

“Take the jam!”

In the wicket, an aluminum soup plate appeared. In it, a showingly big piece of dark brown hard fruit jam. The assistant took and put it on the table.

“Hallo there, those with the cleaning, take away the jam!” cried he.

The prisoners were waiting for the arrival of the “coffee” with the mugs in their hands. I turned my attention to a bustle around the table: the

109 It is a phonetical adaptation of the word of the romanian prisoner slang “cirec”. [Read approximately: tʃi'rik.] It meant the morning brown-bread ration of 125 grams of the prisoners being at room.

knives given in were used for cutting civilian food.

I will not let pass the occasion! — thought.

Entered the little bed interspace. Drew forth the bacon.

On the table, cut down a slice from it, and carved it. A big pop infiltrated from the corridor. The wicket opened.

“Come to the coffee!”

Beside my bed, i sat down on the form, and began eating.

“Won’t you drink coffee?” asked a prisoner.

“No.”

“Will you give us your mug to take out your ration as well?”

“Of course, i will. It is there,” said, and pointed at my solitary mug on the bracket fixed up under the window and above the wash basins.

“Preparations for line-up!” sounded a voice, from the corridor.

“Start cleaning!” cried the room chief.

The quiet, relatively pleasant moments ended, the waking process terminated. The two prisoners tackling the daily cleaning became active. One began sweeping. The other started after him with a wet cloth. We put the pieces of baggage on the lower beds. Got up on the forms in order to clear the space for the cleaning.

“Quicker, quicker!” cried the room chief. “... The line-up is at once here ... Hallo there, you at the back, why don’t you begin arranging the beds yet?!”

I looked up at my bed. On its rear side, the sheet did not tightened on the mattress completely. Set it to rights.

As the broom, afterwards the cloth passed by us, those sleeping in the lower beds went in the little interspace one after the other with the purpose of putting back the pieces of baggage, as well as smoothing out their bedding.

The bell commenced to ring.

“Line-up!” came the new order.

At the entrance of the little interspace, my fellow-prisoners let me ahead, because we had to stand in height order for an easy counting. On this occasion, also at the side of my bed i drew some on the sheet list reachable under it among the steel bands. Made the remaining crinkles disappear sideways.

In general, everyone stood silent. But there were some, who whispering kept on with their exchange of views started early in the morning.

“Enough of the talk!” said the room chief. “... Swing towards the wall!”

The door opened.

“Attention!”

After the quick giving of the report, the militiamen started towards the interior of the room. I strained my body reflex-likely, stretched forth my hands as well, for fear that one or other of the blue-uniformists should have worked off his temper on me. Holding my breath and immovably waited out their pattering along the large interspace, their inspecting what they wanted to inspect, so that then they left the room with quickened steps. When the doors had slammed, the whizzing of the air flowing out of the mouths, and the rumble of the brogues just perceptively indicated that we had uniformly breathed freely again, and turned to the resting position.

27. The prisoner chief

The door opened.

“Attention!”

“Five detainees to the kitchen!” said a militiaman.

“Hallo there, haven’t you heard it?!” cried the room chief. “Five detainees to the kitchen! … Who do you want to go out to the fresh air?” added he, a little milder.

“Won’t you come down?” asked my companion in distress from Kolozsvár.

“… I may go … Only from mere curiosity.”

The interruption of the monotony produced a positive effect on my mood, although the consciousness that with my work would support the communist regime of the romanian “hydra”, moreover its ideal, made my action partly unnatural, and produced a feeling of self-negation in me.

In front of the kitchen, a heap of cabbage rose above the flat ground of the courtyard. A number of prisoners were already active by it.

“Take your stand here!” said the militiaman. “… Give them knives,” he was speaking to a ‘free’, “and show them how it has to be done!”

“You shall cut down the stem as far as the head,” was he saying, coarsely and sternly, “afterwards you shall take down the upper leaves, and put it straight into the tun! … I won’t see a peeled head on the ground!”

We sat about doing it. At times, i watched the courtyard discreetly. At around 30 meters, next to a low, but spaciously lying heap of potatoes, prisoners were active as well.

“I cannot understand,” was i saying, in a low voice, to my companion in distress, “why a prisoner has to be worse than a militiaman.”

“In order to win his goodwill … After serving half of the sentence, one may already be liberated, if so decides the committee … Moreover, there

is even the possibility of being liberated earlier than that ... From this point of view, the ‘free’ are in a more favorable situation.”

“Whom does the committee consists of?”

“Of the prison commander, the educator, and other militiamen.”

“What a paradoxical situation: the more you draw near to the prison, the sooner they sent away from it, and the clearer you keep of it, the stronger they seize you! ... Just look at that wall! ... It is not high enough, it was made still higher with a barred fence as well.”¹¹⁰

“That cannot be climbed.”

“It is not worth while ... First of all, you may be shot ... Then, what to do baldly and in prisoner clothes? ... At the first sight one could know that you are a prisoner escapee ... And if you went home, you would be captured, if till then you had not been captured yet ... And escape is considered a crime ... And to face the frontier with nothing is quite a failure.”

We had finished.

“Now, i’ll take you over to pick out potatoes!” said the ‘free’.

At the heap, a prisoner distinguished himself with his standing position. He now talked, now distributed orders, now yelled at his cowering companions.

He is the chief of the prisoners sorting potatoes — thought. ... There is no escape here from chiefs of lower or higher rank ... They appoint even prisoners for chiefs to split them by this means as well.

“I’ve brought you a few more detainees,” said him the ‘free’.

“Thanks! At least, i’ll finish in less time,” answered he, then ceasing his feigned grin, swung towards us. “... Stand there!” said he, in a severe tone, pointing up an unoccupied part of the edge of the heap. “... There are two classes: big and small ... You’ll cast here the big, there the small!”

We crouched down, and began sorting. The dimensions of the potatoes varied in a rather little interval. On the whole, they were middle-sized.

He has forgotten to tell — was thinking — which is the smallest that he qualifies as being already big, as well as which is the biggest that he qualifies as being still small ... This issue has been beyond his level of intelligence ... I will not ask him, as by so doing would only set him on me, and after all he probably does not know it either ... If i do like the others, then he will certainly not fasten a quarrel on me.”

I began watching the assorted heaps. Could hardly see some difference between the two classes. Was keeping an eye on my fellow-prisoners as well to see what they considered big, and what small. Meanwhile continued sorting out relatively slowly.

“Hallo, you there!” cried he.

I felt that his sonic waves assaulted my eardrums mostly. Looked up to

110 The barred fence is visible on the photo of the back cover.

him. His slightly aggressive mien mildly smiled, as if he had enjoyed the role conferred on him.

“Quickly! Do you receive me?! Quickly! ... It isn’t the quality that matters. Get me?! But the quantity.”

They have instructed him well — thought. ... He fully enforces the national secret economic policy of the party and the state, namely of the romanian “hydra” ... Moreover, he does not rest satisfied with this much: he even instructs in it.

28. The frontierists from Temesvár

As opposed to the law — which classed also the “fraudulent crossing of the state frontier” among the crimes involving moral turpitude — i always considered the frontierists as being political prisoners, irrespective of the concrete motivation of their illegal fleeing attempts. In the first place, their arrival in the Occident meant information leakage from the point of view of the communist regimes and information source for the democracies, when the communist authorities of the “hydras” did their best to keep under their full control the outflow of information. In the second place, their illegal fleeing attempts were an economic and social bleeding of the communist states. In the third place, their deed was considered a political option in favor of the democracy of occidental type. And because through all these they undermined the reign of the “hydras” through communist regimes, for the last, almost impenetrable obstacles of their way to the free world, they had a wall in Berlin, and iron curtains on the green frontiers run up in front of them.

Although the facial expression of a part of the prisoners having committed crimes involving moral turpitude referred to their lower moral level, their manifestations observed in the prisoner life did not differ in almost anything from the human manifestations that could generally be experienced in the civil life. My this impression was corroborated by that nothing had been stolen from me, and i had not even heard that one would generally have stolen in the prison. There constituted exceptions some prisoners gotten inside with the charge of willful homicide, of which attitude it was perceptible that for them there were also higher values than the human life. With their self-confident air and somewhat contemptuous behavior, the more robust asserted in some measure the right of the strongest as well.

The frontierists formed the pick of the prison society. Not only we felt this so. It was manifest from the relation to us of the prisoners having committed crimes involving moral turpitude that morally they did not consider us criminals. Moreover, it was more or less visible on them the special re-

spect for that risking our lives we ventured to face up the authorities of the prison state acting on the frontier, the frontier guards.

The door opened. Four prisoners were put in. It was seen from the grouping of three around the first one over forty years that they were of the same company. Uncertainly, they halted.

“What are you with?” asked a prisoner.

“With frontier crossing,” said the first. “... The serbs gave us back ... We’ve come from the penitentiary in Temesvár ... Our file was sent over here to Nagyvárad, as we live in Bihar.”

“There’re a couple of frontierists with us as well.”

We drew near to them, they started towards us, and there came into being the circle of experience exchange, solidarity and common purposes. We, as frontierists of Nagyvárad, manifested an increased esteem towards them, as frontierists of Temesvár, and were filled with admiration that they had crossed the notorious romanian-yugoslav frontier.

“Where’re you from?” asked we, the first one.

“From Élesd¹¹¹,” said he.

“And how’s that so many?”

“My companions lacked the pluck to depart alone.”

“How did it happen?”

“By train, we went as far as Széphely¹¹² ...”

“Aren’t there frontier guards there in the station?”

“No. That’s to say, we didn’t see them ... We set off to the south-west ... Marched in the night, slept by day ...”

“Why had you to advance in the night?”

“Since they may already squeal there ...”

“Couldn’t you still have marched safely by day?”

“No. We tried it, but all the time we stumbled upon agricultural workers ...”

“How could you advance in the night?”

“It wasn’t particularly difficult, the terrain is entirely open ...”

“And where did you hide by day?”

“In ditches, brushwoods, shrubberies ...”

“Did you have to use pocket-lamp?”

“Rarely ...”

“How did you orientate?”

“With a phosphorated compass ...”

“And how could you apprise when you would reach the frontier?”

“By day, we observed the sky-line, because the watch-towers are visi-

¹¹¹ Read approximately: 'e:leʃd. In the romanian language: Aleşd. Small town in a straight line at around 40 kilometers from the romanian-hungarian, and at around 200 kilometers from the romanian-yugoslav frontier. [2]

¹¹² Read approximately: 'se:phey. In the romanian language: Jebel. Village in a straight line at around 25 kilometers from the romanian-yugoslav frontier. [2]

ble from far already ... There is one in every kilometer ... They emerged on the third day ... There was in their vicinity also a derrick, on which several electric bulbs went up in the evening, flooding with a dim light the terrain around ... We set off between it and the watch-tower on our left side on a plow-land ... Knew that on the romanian-yugoslav frontier there is an alarm apparatus, which consists of a wire stretched at around 50 centimeters from the soil, and which on a faster touch launches a light rocket, by this means signaling to the frontier guards ... The reason why we advanced on all fours and in a single file, while i as the first one fumbled about the wire ... We had already drawn ahead of the derrick, but had not perceived it yet ... All at once, we got to a ditch, in which there was water ... Got off our clothes, and traversed it ... After this, perceived the plowed stripe ... We went on stood up ... On breaking off the day, it hit us right in the eye that we were in Yugoslavia ...”

“If you knew that you had crossed the frontier, why didn’t you stop and sleep till the morning?”

“Because we wanted to remove ourselves from the frontier, and because the serbs also may squeal ...”

“Why do they do it?”

“Probably, for money ... In the distance, we beheld a railroad ... We concluded to get on train, and go to Belgrade¹¹³ ... I entered the nearest village, and exchanged 5,000 lei to dinars.¹¹⁴”

“Weren’t you afraid of being squealed?”

“Not every one collaborates with the authorities there either ... We had to risk because of our tiredness and hungriness ... In a village station, we got on the first train ... In Belgrade, we booked tickets for Zagreb, and bought some food ... Then, we got on the train ... It hadn’t passed much time from the departure, when two militiamen made their appearance in the door of the compartment ... They needed not to look at us for long to become aware that we were romanian frontierists: there were only us in the compartment, we noisily celebrated our success, and of course our clothes also contrasted with the yugoslav standards ... They formally identified us, afterwards put manacles on our hands ... In the first station, they made us get off, and took back to Belgrade, where after questioning sent us to the prison.

113 In the serbo-croatian language: Beograd. The capital of Yugoslavia.

114 Later, he told me also that lei were converted to dinars in the ratio of 1:10, and with 100 lei, namely with 1,000 dinars, one could make around 100 kilometers by bus. (There was a high inflation in Yugoslavia.)

29. Talking with the lawyeress

A militiaman took me to the visiting room.

“Walk in, and sit down!”

He shut the door behind me. I was alone. Down a wall, and above a double wire netting painted brown divided the longish room in two parts lengthways. On its both parts, cages open at the back were set in order facing one another. In them, chairs. Went in one, and sat down. From the smooth surface between the two nettings, a small cylinder rose.

Microphone — thought.

A woman person of middle age made her appearance in front of me.

“Good afternoon!” said she, and seated herself.

“Good afternoon, madam.”

“Mr. Adorján, i’m your lawyer … Your father has engaged me … The trial shall be on 5 november … You know it, don’t you?”

“Yes. Have received the writ.”

“… Listen! i’d like to obtain for you to be sentenced to the place of work; hence also to be set at liberty after a few days … I spoke to your father that he would obtain a paper from your place of work, according to which they would readmit you …”

“Yes, it would be good for me to go to the place of work, but not to the former place of work … Than i return there, would rather stay here.”

“… But why?!”

“… You know, on the one part because it would be awkward for me — and for my former colleagues as well — to return there so, baldly and convicted … And on the other part because … You know, that enterprise was everything, but not a place of work.”

“… All right, but i won’t meddle with that … After all, nobody wants you to go back there … What matters is that there be a paper in the file that an enterprise admits you … I’ll tell your father to procure a paper from another place of work …”

“Thank you.”

“… And one more thing: at the trial, be decorous towards the judges; talk only when they ask you; answer briefly and pithily! …”

“All right, i’ll do so.”

“… And say that you regret the deed! … And promise that you’ll no more cross the frontier! …”

“… You know, the reality is that i do not regret anything; moreover, i cannot see what would keep me from trying it again.”

“All right, but then say at least that you regret it … Believe it that it shall be good for you …”

“… All right: i regret the deed.”

30. In prisoner clothes among civilians

Wednesday, 5 november 1986. The door opened.

“Attention!”

“Look here!” said the militiaman on duty, in a loud voice. “He who hears your name, step out!”

From a paper, he read off names. My one was among them as well. I went out.

“Align!” ordered he, and turned to a ‘free’. “Take these to the dump, and give them clothes! They’ll go to the judiciary.”

The frontierists in the room were all in the group. The relatively good disposition mixed with an increased excitement. Not only the monotony had broken, not only our leaving the prison for a few hours, and our relation to the external world were imminent. And they had to decide on this day not only about how long would they still be curtailing our liberty, but also about whether they would set us at liberty instantly. Over and above all these, we knew, or at least guessed, that we should shortly be liberated, the pressures of the prisoner life should cease to exist, and we should explode into the civil life.

“Take off the cap, the coat, the pants, and the brogues!” said the dumper prisoner.

The new apparel was brand new with the exception of the brogues. Besides, it was made of thick felt. The cap with lining possessed bound-up flaps.

Winter-apparel — thought. It would have been high time inside as well to exchange the summer one for such one, as it is already cold ... The communist reign of the romanian “hydra” does not express the will of the people though, it appears that it just lays some stress on its opinion ... As what would the humans think, if they saw our worn-out clothes sewn and patched about? ... That: “Our party and state, at their heads with Comrade Nicolae Ceaușescu, the Secretary general of the Romanian Communist Party, the president of the Socialist Republic of Romania, keep in misery the inmates of the prison” ... And this is already only one step from the thought expressing the truth and able to perilously form the public opinion: “Our party and state keep in misery the inhabitants of the country.”

They manacled us two and two. The manacles were evidently rougher, of worse quality than the ones experienced in the hungarian communist state. They were made of a greater quantity of metal, and their mode of joining ensured less liberty of motion. Their aim could be not only rendering the hands useless, but also distracting the attention, moreover cruelty as well, as the more liberty their porter allowed for his hands, the more they were squeezed to his wrists.

Two militiamen took us to a corner of the prison yard not experienced by me up to that time. A rectangular region of its wall was formed by a steel-plate. A lock hung on it.

The first time after weeks, they opened the door of civil life in front of us.¹¹⁵ We could look at it, but could not be its sharers yet. A number of persons of seemingly mostly romanian ethnicity had already been waiting for this moment. With increased attention, they scanned our members different from one another remained nakedly under the identical caps and above the identical coats in order to see whether they would detect known features on our faces transformed and having been transformed. They did not dare to come closer. As if the walls of the prison had existed on invisibly somewhere between us.

Along the courtyard and alongside the corridor of the judiciary, we were in the center of the general attention. I had not seen a single scornful or condemnatory face. As if the civil persons had felt somewhere at the bottom of their hearts that liberty was not complete outside either, that the national-communist dictatorship pushed them nearer to the prison of its state, than attracted them to its country, that their civilian clothes were only instruments of the jugglery of the “hydra”, that the prisoner clothes reflected better the reality, that they also lived in a prison.

We stepped in the courtroom. The rows of seats were full of humans.

“Go in there!” said a militiaman, while pointing to the place between the seats and the court desk, fenced in with a rail of wooden bars. “Sit down!”

We sat down on the old, seedy forms without backs. Turned round our heads in the hope of glimpsing someone from our folks.

“Don’t look back!” came to us an officially factitiously tactful voice not wanting to produce sensation and annoyance in the humans. “... And when the judges come in, you’ll get up!”

31. The trial

On our right side, a woman clerk put files in order. In front of her, a typewriter. Facing her, a woman public prosecutor sat on the other side. The door behind the desk opened. Two judges came in. We stood up. They took seat in the armchairs.

“Sit down!” said the presidentess of the division.

115 On the left lower part of the back cover, it is visible the door through which we were brought out to the courtyard of the judiciary.

“The next file, please!”

“István ADORJÁN!” said the clerk, loudly, and she looked at us.

“Present,” said i, and rose from the seat.

“And assisted,” said the lawyeress, while she also rose to her feet.

The clerk handed over the file. The woman judge ran through it. She raised her look on me.

“Are you István ADORJÁN?” asked she, with a forced politeness, in such a tone, as if my prospectively positive answer would have weighed much as regards the outcome of the trial.

“Yes.”

“Do you live in Marosvásárhely?”

“Yes,” answered, becoming conscious of that my naturally positive answers, the yeses, were in another plane in flat opposition with my rebelling attitude, to the noes, earlier manifested on different levels towards more or less disguised representatives of the national-communist regime of the “hydra”.

“You’ve been brought to justice for committing the infraction of fraudulent crossing of the state frontier provided and punished by the article 245 of the penal code ... Isn’t that so, that on 26 september 1986, you left your dwelling with the purpose of fraudulently crossing the state frontier?”

“Yes.”

“Isn’t that so, that on 27 september 1986, at 13 hours or thereabouts you fraudulently crossed the state frontier to the Hungarian People’s Republic?”

“Yes.”

“Isn’t that so, that on the same day at 16 hours or thereabouts, hungarian time, the hungarian authorities caught you?”

“Yes.”

“Isn’t that so, that in the evening of 27 september 1986 the hungarian frontier guards handed you over to the romanian frontier guards through the Bors Point of Checking the Crossing of the Frontier¹¹⁶? ”

“Yes.”

“Please sign the record of evidence!” said she, and took over the document written by the clerk on the basis of my answers given to the questions. “... Are there other evidences or requests?” asked she.

The lawyeress handed over a couple of papers to her.

“Comrade presidentess!” said she. “Please take into account that prior to committing the infraction the accused had conflicts at his place of work, which brought about a mental disorder in him, demanding his sending to the neuro-psychiatric hospital.”¹¹⁷

116 In the romanian language: Punct de Control al Trecerii Frontierei.

117 My conflicts of place of work consisted of that i refused first to fulfil the porter’s duty, and afterwards to be restored to the section in Dicsőszentmárton for a punishment, tendering my resignation. Because the law did not know such a thing, and i was not willing to go back to the

But she did not utter a word about this at the talking! — thought, becoming profoundly indignant. ... She states blatant lies on me, moreover based on documents! ... What the “hydra” could not carry out with the woman psychiatrist, it has carried out with the lawyeress: now it appears from the documents that there are troubles not with the national-communist regime, not with the realities created by it, not with the “hydra” keeping out of sight behind them, but with my place of work and mind! ... Why did she not ask for my assent at the talking?! ... Or at least, why did she not tell that she intended to “defend” me by this means?!

“Are there still other evidences or requests?”

That question strikes at me — thought. Now, they have put me into a dilemma: either i also stand in the current of the “hydra”, concede the hypocrisy of the lawyeress, and acknowledge the forged documents, and by so doing sooner or later shall be liberated, or give voice to my indignation, and deny that i have to do with the disease and the hospital. In this latter case, would not only have the trial adjourned, but also would probably not go to the place of work, and may make serious troubles to all those who had a hand in obtaining the medical documents, they acting in fact with the best of intention. Or, what is more important: freedom or truth, liberation or love of truth? And what is better: to be liberated as soon as possible and to flee again, or to stay in the small prison — from where there is no fleeing — and to delay my fleeing the big prison as well? Know very well that if the “hydra” wants to send me to the place of work, then it does it from interest; but if i very much do not want to be liberated, then it will not have me bounced from the prison.

“If there’re no ones,” continued the women judge, “then i declare the judicial inquiry as being complete, and we’ll come to the proceedings! ... Comrade woman public prosecutor!”

The woman public prosecutor began reading out the indictment.

“I solicit sentencing the accused to a punishment depriving of liberty,” was saying the woman public prosecutor, “deducting from it the duration of the remand from 28 september 1986!”

This request — which she renewed in case of all my companions in distress — produced a rather appalling effect on us, after everyone had said earlier that we would go to the place of work.

rubber workshop, they put me on leave, and talked with the management of the enterprise Procomplex — to whose research section i had successfully taken the examination around may 1985 — getting the answer that from 1 january 1987 my transfer would be possible. The psychiatric disease existed only on paper, and it would have served the purpose of driving my outlaw case within the limits of the law. However, i did not accept even the written existence of the sending to the sanatorium suggested by the woman psychiatrist, as it could negatively have determined my life, in opposition with my principle it would have disguised the persecution, and it ghostlike resembled the relocation of the political dissidents, if it was not identical with that.

“Comrade lawyeress!”

“Comrade presidentess! I agree to the state of facts retained through the indictment. But have to point out that the accused committed the infraction in special circumstances, having a labile nervous system and conflicts at the place of work as well. Would also like to emphasize that the accused has sincerely acknowledged the infraction retained to his burden, which he had committed in special conditions, having the diagnosis of psychic neurotic depression. Taking into account the before told, and that the accused has regretted his deed, he has no penal antecedents, and is well prepared professionally, i solicit the application of the minimal punishment with serving it at a place of work!”

So it is acceptable — thought, having heard the indefinite article before the word “place of work”.

“Accused!” said the woman judge, while looking at me.

I cast down my eyes.

“You have the last word.”

I felt numb. Exerted myself to speak out the stereotype phrase.

“... I regret my deed.”¹¹⁸

118 With the sentence number 3170, the “hydra” had me sentenced to 6 months imprisonment with serving through corrective labor, as it was termed. On 7 november 1986, it had me set at liberty. From 4 december, i kept on serving its penalty at the Maros County Enterprise of Vegetables and Fruits in Marosvásárhely: had to repair wooden boxes. A few days later, i was “invited” to the militia in Marosvásárhely, where was informed that during serving the sentence had no right to leave Marosvásárhely without authorization, and that in case of an unjustified absence from the place of work the corrective labor would be revoked, and i would be imprisoned. They set a quadrangular seal in my bulletin, which indicated the prohibition relative to my leaving Marosvásárhely without authorization.

Afterword

At the time of the bygone happenings, i did not know, recognized it only at the time of writing this book with the advancement of my knowledge relative to the national secret political organizations, that the romanian national secret political organization kept under its control my this illegal fleeing attempt already from my departure — first of all by the help of the listening technique installed in the walls of the block dwelling already on construction — then with secret observers and agents the romanian and the hungarian national secret political organizations followed me through my way, and in this respect they collaborated as well. If i had conjectured this at that time, would not have dared to carry out the illegal fleeing attempt, because at that time did not still know either that from the point of view of its success it was primarily important not whether the national secret political organizations were physically capable of my capturing or not, but whether they were able to create such capturing circumstances that by my capturing they would not produce evidences on their own existence and actions.

In the light of this, it can be presumed that in Biharfélégyháza with the two bereted persons getting on the train in front of me on the right side, on the one part they wanted to bring about that i got down on the left side, and in this manner the frontier guards in all probability being at the station-building captured me, as the romanian sergeant frontier guard hinted to this. On the other part, they programed that if i still got down on the right side, then the two other bereted persons to be thrown in at the bridge remains would denounce me to the frontier guards being at the watch-tower.

With their allusion to Switzerland¹¹⁹, they were not wrong after all. Namely, between 2008 and 2019 i stayed in Switzerland more than one year as asylum seeker.

The second two bereted persons arrived at the bridge remains so that if i had not stop, and had not withdrawn under the shrub, at the beginning of their traversing i would have gotten just under them, and in this manner they would necessarily have observed me. Do not consider it impossible that in fact they had observed me in my relative hiddenness as well. In this case, they did not denounce me, as they had in the first place to disguise their manipulatedness, namely him who had manipulated them, and accordingly it was i who would have given them a reason for my observation, as even without that the fact of our meeting indicated a timing. Reversely, i stayed under the shrub immovably and noiselessly, so that they did not find any such reason, which according to the scenario of my capturing would have been acceptable for my penal observation. Further, they

119 The hungarian equivalent of “beret” translated word by word is “swiss cap”.

had to be two, as in case of their success with this they programmed that false reason of my not keeping back before possible independent observers.

Also in the case of the frontier guards, there functioned the same logic aiming at disguising the manipulation. On my arriving in front of the watch-tower, the frontier guard had to assert the conception that: "I am not waiting for him, i have not received any information about and order in connection with him". For this reason, in his that disguising shamming he went as far as that, in all probability breaking the regulations, he did not from the box of the watch-tower search the terrain in the most probable approach direction of the frontierists, but he sat on the ladder, with his face towards the frontier. In this manner, at the same time he also reached that if in the heat of my illegal fleeing attempt and in my relative lack of information i had forced the crossing, then it had already come to not only my capturing, but to my shooting as well.

It seems to be strange also that the frontier guards left the sector of the watch-tower just when having begun at the shrubbery looking for a way out to the bank, i began to produce a noise of a certain level, and in this manner they just then had the greatest chance to hear me. However, irrespective of this i judge that under normal frontier-guarding circumstances they should have observed me, as according to the regulations they should certainly have watched the left bank as well. On the contrary, they did not look towards me, moreover one of them expressly looked at the ground, by this means asserting the self-disguising conception that: "We do not know, no one told us that he is there." For that they could launch the capturing action having framed up according to the capturing dramatic piece of the romanian national secret political organization, it was i who would have clattered the shrubbery to such an extent that they effectively heard it.

Although in addition to my mere being and presence there i had not given the woman in Hencida any reason for my squealing, from the point of view of disguising the manipulation all fundamental conditions had been accomplished for that. In the first place, it was i who had turned off my planned route, and entered into relations with the squealing machinery. In the second place, the squealing was seemingly initiated by the child, who in the least measure can be suspected with organizedness. In the third place, the most active squealing element was the woman, so whom there can be attributed sexual motives as well.

On his part, the master in Hencida sat with his back to me, moreover he "did not even hear" my greeting, what is more, giving the impression of deafness "he did not hear" my louder greeting either, by all these means asserting the same self-disguising conception that the romanian frontier guards. However, it is a fact that he wore the same sorts of dark blue union suit and black beret than earlier the two persons getting on the train in

front of me, then the other two persons traversing in front of me the bridge remains. That would already have borne upon ridiculous, if also he would have wound off maize together with someone, what is more, that would as well worn dark a blue union suit and a black beret. That is why there arose the need relative to the grandchild grazing the sheep in my potential and gone-through water-seeking way.

With the blue color of the union suits and the cabin of the truck, the national secret political organizations programed also that because of the frustration of my land illegal fleeing by the help of the relating persons i would be constrained to sea illegal fleeing.

Already at the time of the bygone happenings, there seemed to be exaggerated the reaction of the policeman to my answer according to which i was from Marosvásárhely. He could have had a motive for preparing for whipping out the pistol when on setting my eyes on his blue uniform i would have attacked him or taken to my heels. Conversely, i made no signs of aggressiveness or escape, moreover with my sincerity i collaborated with him as well. According to the logic of disguising the manipulation, with this gesture of his he deliberately programed that "he had not known, no one had informed him about that i was a romanian citizen, he found out that there on the scene from my answer." Further, with his statement relative to the customhouse officer, he programed that "he had no idea of what kind of procedure i would be subjected to; he did not work together with the frontier guards; there was no unity between the authorities; there was no higher manipulation."

The frontier guards of the romanian communist state subordinated almost their whole hitting potential to the purpose of bringing about my stomach cancer. Their means were a mechanic irritation of my stomach, and afterwards a cancerogenic substance ingested through the meals. They were also free to make me die from their hits, but their level of civilization did not allow them to assume the responsibility for that. For this reason, they confined themselves only to the hits capable of bringing about the stomach cancer.

It was difficult for the individual hitters to assess that lesions of what measure they had caused to my stomach. For this reason, first the frontier guard having the staircase scrubbed with me controlled the effects of the nightly hitting. The lieutenant frontier guard prepared his pommeling strategy according to the information received from him. He would certainly not have been drawn in the beating, if it had been accomplished in the sleeping quarters. Neither he could know exactly what was happening in the region of the pit of my stomach. The reason why it was still needed the control in front of the platoon as well. The information obtained there indicated that my stomach had not been injured to the measure necessary for bringing about the cancer. In this manner, it could come to the last, but

most powerful clip of the frontier guard coming from service into the kitchen. But neither that seemed to be enough, as later also the public prosecutor tried to bring about a pretext for my further hitting with his question superfluous from the point of view of the investigations. The lieutenant frontier guard would probably have fallen upon me after our outgoing from the office in the screening of the staircase of the building of the prosecution.

The whacks leveled on the soles could also serve the purpose that on the way to the militia i could not get away. Namely, it may be that my appearance in the town with manacles would have disturbed the self-respect of the frontier guards. But at the same time, it is a fact that with the whacks leveled on the soles there could be brought about inner organic diseases as well.

It can be presumed that with the maltreatment of the frontierists the general purpose of the national-communist regime of the romanian national secret political organization, was that through the intimidation it pressed back the illegal fleeing phenomenon. The actions against the frontierists could go as far as the physical extermination, as that was made possible by the law of the use of firearms as well. In this way, the frontier-guards were at the same time a suitable means against those inconvenient persons, who had decided in favor of the illegal fleeing. Probably, it can be generalized the practice that the frontier guards had to disguise the political motivation of their actions aiming at the intimidation of the frontierists, namely that they did those on the basis of higher command, instigation or stimulation. This appears, for example, from also that i was always hit by only one frontier guard at the same time, and he had sought for a pretext for that. However, in that there was probably hidden also a provocation, as if i had defended myself, then under pretext of help more frontier guards could have fallen upon me simultaneously, and they could have caused more serious injuries.

The national secret political purpose of the seeming suspicion of the lieutenant frontier guard, that in the illegal crossing of the frontier someone had helped me, was presumably to disguise the fact and to refute the presumption that the romanian national secret political organization had me followed through my fleeing route. Further, with his statement that: "You'll get three years!", he asserted the disguising conception of the romanian national secret political organization that: "The lieutenant does not know that i will have you sentenced only to 6 months, with my supremeness i do not create accord among the actions of the authorities of the state, nobody manipulates him."

In the light of the previous informedness of the romanian national secret political organization, with his questions relative to my route, the sergeant in reality studied how i lied and shammed. And with his respec-

tive questions major Cristea roughly did that as well, with regard to that — as i recognized around the middle of the decade 1990 — due to the listening apparatuses built in the walls of my room, the romanian national secret political organization had also known what i dealt with in my spare time.

That i was introduced to the prison in Nagyvárad particularly, and to the prison life generally, in a room for two persons with a prisoner by the name Dragoş: [Dragoş → drag (romanian noun) = sweetheart, lover.], later — particularly during my one-year imprisonment following my third illegal fleeing attempt — proved to be a manifestation of the homosexual “re-education” personal secret policy of the romanian national secret political organization. In a wider sense, this was certainly a means of the national secret policy aiming at the moral, juristical and physical annihilation of the persons national secret politically qualified as “perilous”. Namely, the penal code of the romanian communist state qualified the homosexual relation as a crime, and in 1986 particularly a homosexual corporal relation could already be utilized for disguising a national secret political infection with the HIV virus.

The short-term purpose of my sentencing to the place of work could be to diminish the responsibility of the romanian national state relative to my person, and the long-term purpose to remove the bulk of the frontierists from the prisons, and by this means for the case of my possible unsuccess to create for me a micro-social medium of criminals having committed crimes involving moral turpitude in the interest of my personal secret political “re-education”.

The timing of my liberation from the prison on 7 november can be construed as a romanian national secret political allusion to the “Great October Socialist Revolution”, namely to the national secret political role which was attributed to me by the romanian national secret political organization. In the light of this, it does not appear to be accidental either that in 1977 my parents had bought a dwelling in the 7 November¹²⁰ street — which was my permanent domicile as well — then after the 1989 mock revolution the name of the street was changed to 22 December¹²¹.

At writing down the leaf scenes experienced at the romanian frontier guards, i used the word-group “green leaf”, in order that with the romanian language version of this book i connected those scenes with the figure “green leaf” of the romanian folk music. This is how i introduced the attribute “green” in the hungarian and the english language versions as well, albeit under normal circumstances it would have been enough the use of the word “leaf”, namely on 28 september 1986 the leaves were still green in the Socialist Republic of Romania. Because beginning with may 1995 i was sending the manuscript of the romanian language version of

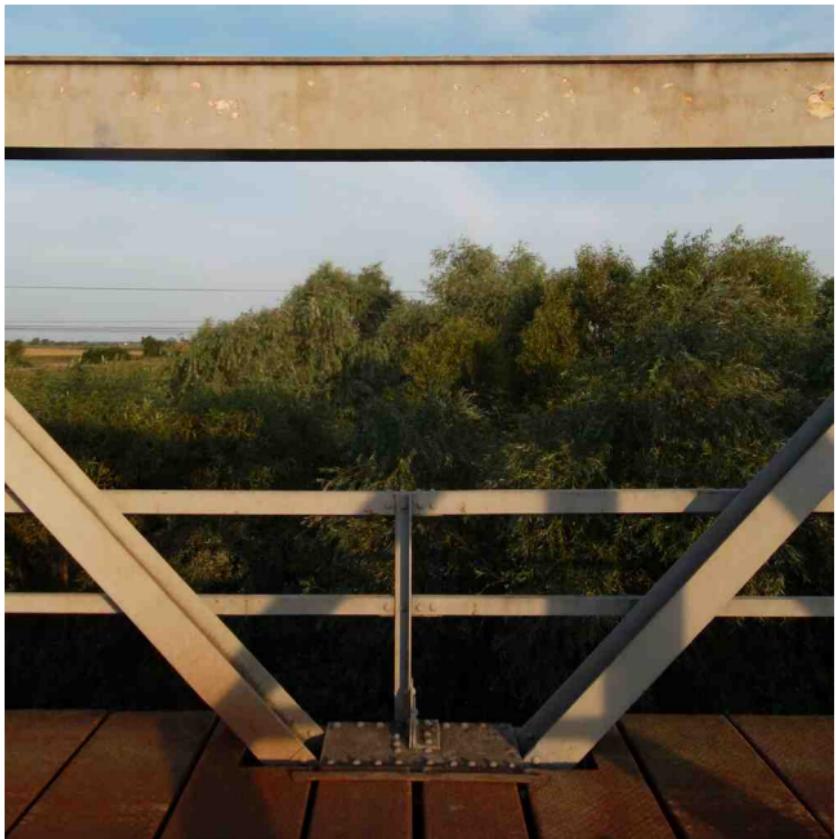
120 In the hungarian and romanian languages: November 7, 7 Noiembrie.

121 In the hungarian and romanian languages: December 22, 22 Decembrie.

this book to publishing houses for publication, the romanian national secret political organization could obtain knowledge of my this lingual “stunt”. It is a fact that following this there cropped up and became widely known in the romanian political public life the politician Sorin FRUN-ZĂVERDE¹²²: [frunză verde — frunză verde = green leaf]. The romanian national secret political propagandistic purpose of this was presumably that the word-group “green leaf”, rather wide-spread in the romanian public opinion, reminded the humans not of my books, but of the above politician. It can be seen from this as well how easily the national secret political organizations are able to create personalities convenient to their own interests.

On 7 august 2019, i intended to take a digital photo of the prison in Nagyvárad for the back cover of this book. My plan was the same as on 24 september 1998, when i took an analogous photo of the prison, a part of which constitutes the back cover of the hungarian-language text paperback version published in 2000 in Romania of my this book: because the prison was visible in the greatest measure from the courtyard of the judiciary — which was unrestrictedly accessible for the population — i had to go in there, and wait for the policeman being on duty in the outpost of the prison to divert his attention from the courtyard. The carrying into effect of this plan succeeded, and the result was the photo which partly constitutes the back cover of the 2019 edition of the text-image electronic version of this book. Reversely, on 7 august 2019 i experienced that the judiciary had moved away from beside the prison into a new building, its place was taken over by the prefecture — the local representative of the government — the gate was closed by a barrier, and beside it a person in a blue uniform was on duty. With this, i was hindered in photographing, there was annihilated a fact of the epoch mentioned by my book — namely the seat of the Nagyvárad Judiciary — and there was created such a fact which seemingly refutes the statements of my book relative to the seat of the judiciary. I experienced the same at the Berettyó as well: on 7 august 2019, on the railroad bridge, the willows already certainly of around 30 years old completely obstructed the land view towards the frontier in the direction of the river, with this refuting the sentence of my book according to which: “the Berettyó disappeared straight as an arrow in its flight between the dikes converging in the sky-line”:

122 Read approximately: so 'rin frunzə 'verde.



All these may be manifestations of the personal secret policy of the romanian national secret political organization of which purposes are among others refuting and discrediting my books and person. This tendency can be experienced in connection with my other illegal fleeing attempts as well, the revealed facts referring to which were mentioned by me in the afterwards of my respective books.

It appears that the hungarian national secret political organization became aware of the political-ideological purport of my illegal fleeing attempts, because subsequently to that between 1986 and 1989 i had four times illegally crossed the frontier of the Socialist Republic of Romania, in 1989 the Hungarian People's Republic ceased to exist together with the other central-eastern-european communist states, just like in 1990 the Socialist Federative Republic of Yugoslavia, then in 1991 the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics as well.

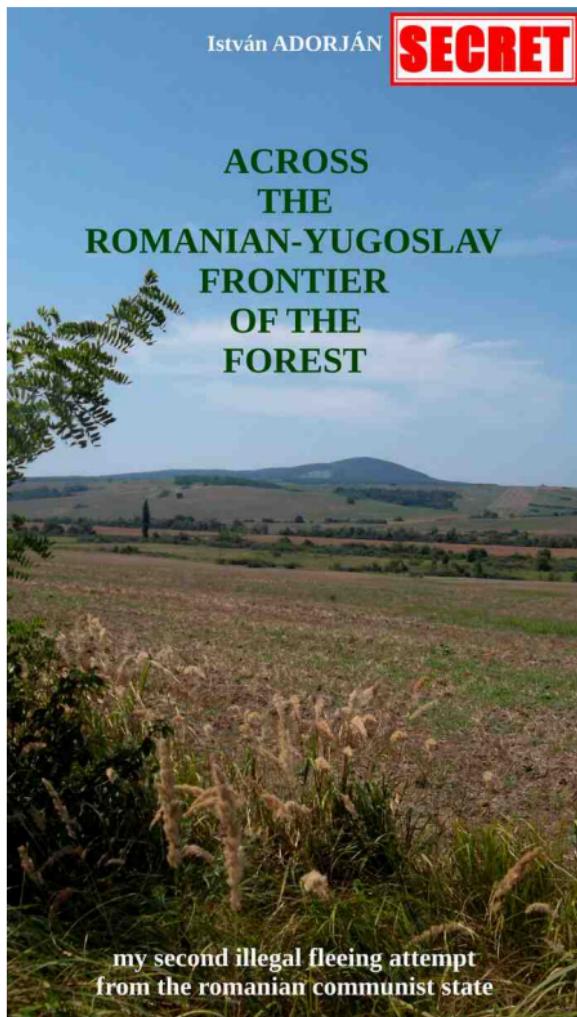
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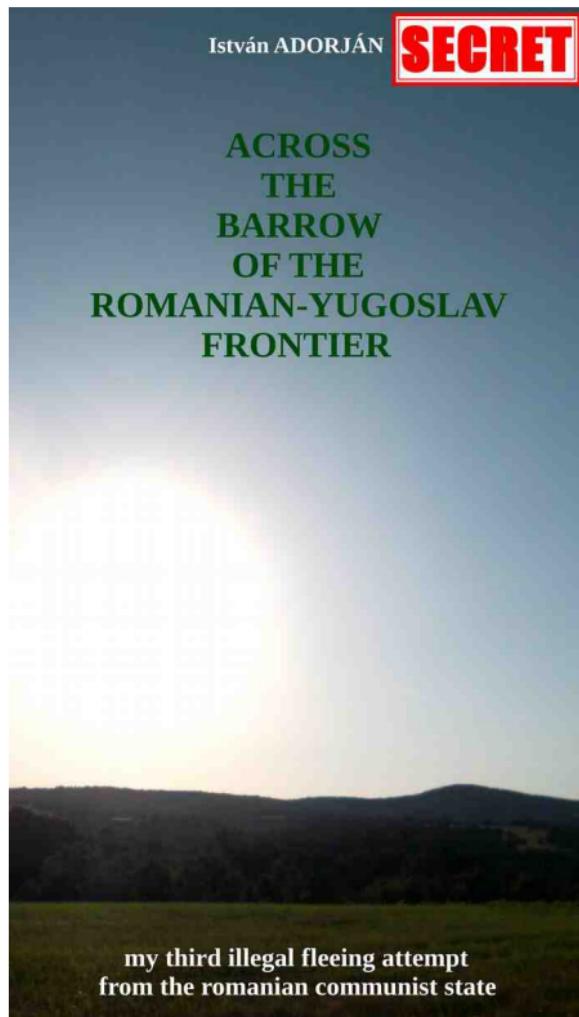
Other publications

In the series of four entitled “My Four Illegal Fleeing Attempts from the Romanian Communist State”, i have still published the following books:

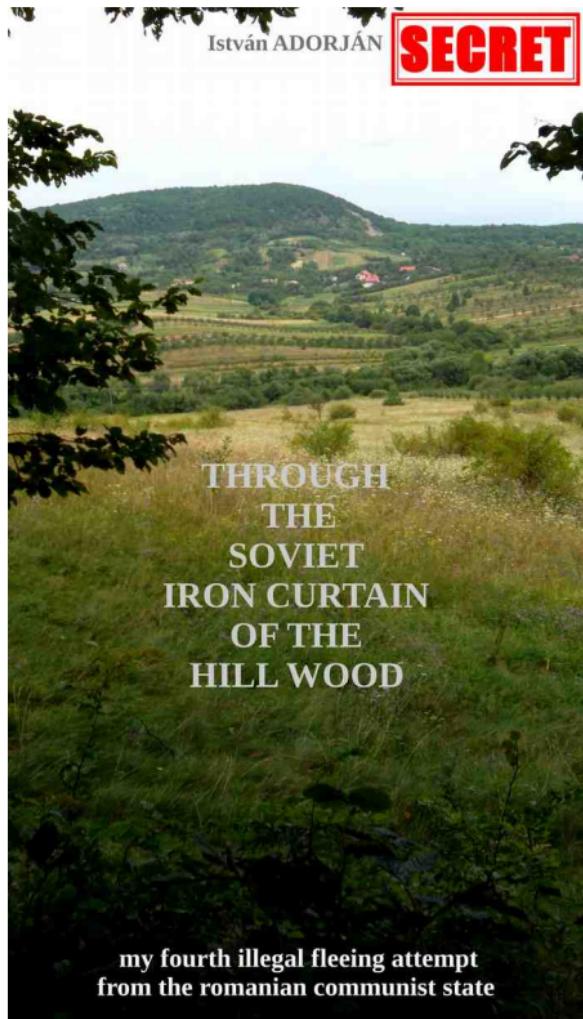
1) the text-image electronic version of my book entitled “Across the Romanian-Yugoslav Frontier of the Forest — my second illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state”, with the internet distributor Google Play;



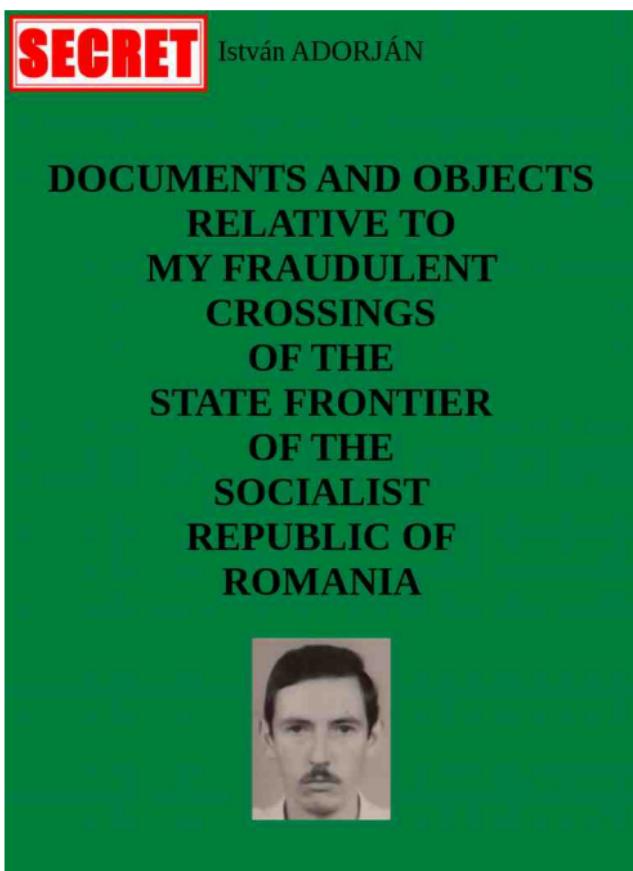
2) the text-image electronic version of my book entitled “Across the Barrow of the Romanian-Yugoslav Frontier — my third illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state”, with the internet distributor Google Play;



3) the text-image electronic version of my book entitled “Through the Soviet Iron Curtain of the Hill Wood — my fourth illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state”, with the internet distributor Google Play;



In a close continental connection with the above series, i have still published my book entitled “Documents and Objects relative to My Fraudulent Crossings of the State Frontier of the Socialist Republic of Romania”, with the internet distributors Google Play and Internet Archive:



Book-creation information

The author created this book for the most part between february 1994 and june 2000, together with the books describing his other three illegal fleeing attempts, as conceiver and author, resulting from the scientific and social need of cognizing the phenomenon of illegal fleeing brought about by the communist states, under private-life circumstances sitting at table in the corner from the downtown beside the window of the middle room of the flat 10 of the second upper storey of the block under number 25 December 22 boulevard in Marosvásárhely, Romania, writing on paper in the hungarian language. He began writing the chapters relative to his imprisonment in 1997. In the beginning, he planned one book with the title "My Four Illegal Fleeing Attempts from the Romanian Communist State". He finished that by the end of 1994, but by that time his writing aptitudes had developed to the point that he did not content himself with it, and thought it better to conform to the self-sufficiency of the four events, dividing the writing into four self-sufficient books. Because of the further increase of the individual achievement, as well as the need of a description as accurate and complete as possible of the experiences fixed in the memory, he rewrote the books several times with modifications and completions, so that taken in its entirety he had to use up a few tens of kilograms of paper. At the same time, the author literally and personally translated these four books into the english language for the most part in the above period. The last forms of the paper manuscripts of the hungarian and the english languages all together weigh almost 5 kilograms. Between june 2013 and the beginning of 2014, the author put the paper manuscripts into electronic forms, then between april and october 2019 he read through the electronic manuscripts. The electronic redaction of the book was made by the author personally mainly with the following technical means: Acer AOD270, Samsung ST65, Microsoft Windows 7, LibreOffice 4, GIMP 2.

Book-publication information

Beginning with around the middle of 1995, the author submitted by mail the english-language paper manuscripts of this book to several publishing houses in the USA, Canada and Great Britain. In the non-publication story of around 3 years, the manuscripts sent to Penguin Books, Viking Penguin, Unwin Hyman, The Hearst Corporation and William Morrow & Co. were "returned to sender", while W. W. Norton & Co., Harper Collins and Farrar, Straus & Giroux Publishers issued express written refusals. In his written applications, he regularly mentioned the three other books being in the

course of preparation as well. In june 2000, with the capital ensured by his parents in the framework of an individual undertaking, in Marosvásárhely the author published the hungarian-language paperback version of this book, which he distributed in Romania, then in Hungary as well. In may and respectively july 2014, he published with the internet distributors Kobo and respectively Google Play for a few weeks the english-language EPUB electronic version of the 2000 edition of this book, comprising inserted in italics some of his political “visions”, which were removed from this edition for unconformity with the body text.

Author information



On the photo taken probably in 1993, less than a year before beginning writing his books reconstructing his illegal fleeing attempts, there can be seen the author, István ADORJÁN. He was born on 20 december 1959 in the village Mikháza [Read approximately: 'mikha:zə]. In the romanian language: Călugăreni.] in the county Maros in Romania, his citizenship is romanian, his ethnicity hungarian, his identity first of all human, at present he regards not one state his own or his country, ideologically he is atheist, politically liberal, his theory-like conviction is that the great religions and the national states are creatures and means of the national secret political organizations, with his writings his purposes are the publication and diffusion of his say of scientific, philosophic-atheist, progressive, humanist, non-nationalist and liberal spirituality, particularly the revelation, publication and diffusion of his say relative to the national-imperialist, anti-humanist, anti-progressive and anti-scientific nature and activity of the national secret political organizations, great religions and national states.



**The End
of the Electronic Book**